

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1861.

HAZEL VALLEY.
A PASTORAL POEM: IN THREE CANTOS.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

The Poem is a description of Rural Scenes and Incidents immediately surrounding the Author's Home, at Hazel Valley. The incidents transpired soon after the settlement of the place, but they are still fresh in the memory of some of the older inhabitants.

CANTO I.

HAZEL VALLEY.

VALLA FLORA! happy valley!
Blessed vale of flower and vine!
Light and shadow fondly dally
In that fragrant lap of thine.
On a blue, enchanting vista,
Liest thou, arrayed in green,
In a dreamy, soft siesta,
Like an Oriental queen.

Sloping mountains rise above thee,
Peopled o'er with many a form—
Little people, they, who love thee—
Children of the sun and storm.
Hazels, romping light and airy,
Swinging baskets on each arm,
Filled with nuts, like infants chary,
Nestling in their blankets warm.

Near thee stands a floral maiden—
Star-eyed, loving EGLANTINE—
Pinafore and apron laden
With the sweets of many a vine.
She is resting on thy bosom,
Leaning graceful o'er thy bed,
Twining, of the leaf and blossom,
Cunning chaplets for thy head.

BUTTER-CUP, with shining tresses,
Kneeleth softly at thy feet;
Petted by thy fond caresses,
Nods at all who chance to greet.
On her head are tiny baskets
Filled with dust of finest gold;
In her hands are emerald caskets,
Precious for the wealth they hold.

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Self-admiring ASPHODELAS,
Heedless of each floral grace,
Leaves the fairest forms of TELLUS,
Pining for his own dear face.
Seated near thy little river,
Near thy crystal Shallow Creek,
Nothing does he but forever
Count the blushes on his cheek.

All around him are the LILIES,
Carmine, golden, sunny white,
Laughing at his whims and sillies,
Teasing him with great delight.
Whispering OSIER low is bending
While her long and yellow hair
With the floral graces blending
Drops ambrosial shadows there.

Eden, in its sinless glory,
Had no fairer skies than thine!
Thou art like it, save in story;
Like in every flower and vine;
Like the dream of young Creation
When the infant things of earth
In their earliest exultation
Sang the wonders of their birth!

Like a poem, born of heaven,
Or some nearer sunny clime;
Like an idyl sweetly given,
Full of pleasant thought and rhyme;
Like a picture, softly golden,
Bathed in morn's dissolving dew,
Such as, in the manner olden,
ROSA's liquid pencil drew,

Like—O Valley! any vision,
Where the beautiful and pure
Come in their divine commission,
Telling how His loves endure,
Who has dropped from out the hollow
Of his hand, since time began,
With the seeds for wren and swallow
Worlds of happiness for man.

Here ALGONQUIN* held her soiree,
In the olden month of May:

* ALGONQUIN, the patroness of all Indian tradition. Schoolcraft says there was an original Algonquin tribe of Indians;

Muse is she of Indian story,
 Lyrist of its legend'ry;
 Goddess fair of lake and mountain,
 Patroness of song and dance,
 On whose music, wood and fountain
 Hung in sweet, ecstatic trance.

Listen! songs of praise are swelling,
 Many and many a leafy tongue
 Stories of **THY** love is telling,
 Such as poets never sung!
 Iridescent water garnets
 Sparkle in thy waving hair,
 Brighter than the brightest star-sets,
 In the curls of evening air.

Realms like this should perish never
 While there stands an earth or sky;
 Souvenirs, so blest, forever
 On the Mother's breast should lie.
THOU, the Ever-Present, seest
 Here all Nature kneel in prayer!
 Here the Atheist turns a Theist,
 Knowing **THEE** through scenes so fair.

Down among the vines and roses,
 On the bosom of this vale,
 "Flora-Cottage" soft reposes,
 Like a home in fairy tale.
 In this cottage dwelt a maiden,
 Rarely beautiful was she;
 All her words were music-laden—
 Full of precious melody.

Many gathered to that dove-cot,
 In its hours of happiness;
 Wooing came they to that love-cot,
 Came for blessings and to bless.
 One, whose hope had almost perished—
ALVAR—modest, shy, and meek—
 Only looked the love he cherished,
 Earnest love he dare not speak.

ZERIE, then, was ever singing,
 Blithe and happy as a bird;
 Hope along her path was springing,
 Rapture all her feelings stirred.
 Many were the swains around her,
 Offring honeyed words and gold;
 Laughing, ever gay, they found her,
 Yet to all their wooings cold.

Alvar, though an humble cotter,
 Won at last the glorious prize.
 None, of all who praised and sought her,
 Had such sweet, persuasive eyes.
 Ah! those dark-blue orbs forever
 Were more eloquent than gold;
 Words from mortal lips could never
 Tell the anxious care they told.

Manly was the earnest beaming
 Of those strongly pleading eyes;

They invaded all her dreaming,
 And her breast had secret sighs.
 Deep, sad eyes, with force magnetic—
 Such as passion can impart—
 Impressed like some truth prophetic,
 Sinking deep into her heart.

In their nest, among the posies,
 Dwelt they tenderly as doves;
 Months went by like breath of roses,
 Months of blissful, holy loves.
 Once, upon a starry even,
 To that quiet paradise,
 Came a messenger—from heaven!
 In a pair of azure eyes.

O, those bright, cerulean glories!
 Deep, mysterious counterparts—
 They are telling wondrous stories
 Of the harmony of hearts;
 Ever hinting to the mother,
 With the heavenly joys they prove,
 That she must exalt all other
 In this new and higher love.

"Alvar!" under breath she uttered,
 Gazing down into those eyes,
 Like a bird her young heart fluttered,
 Startled by the sweet surprise.
 Softly o'er her pale cheeks glided
 Tears of joy—the richest tears
 By the gift of God confided—
 Blessings for the after years.

"Thank the **GIVER**!—though I languish,
HE is very kind to me;
 Tenderly **HE** soothed my anguish,
 In my hour of mystery.
 From the depths of pain, this pleasure
HE has brought me, wondrously.
 Baby dear, supremest treasure!
 Thou art all the world to me."

Mother! thou angelic creature,
 Emblem of eternal loves,
 Through thy grace and goodness, Nature
 God's creative power proves.
 That sweet baby is the blossom
 Of thy precious womanhood;
 Thus transplanted to thy bosom,
 From the garden of our God.

Down among the vines and roses,
 In the bosom of this vale,
 "Flora-Cottage" still reposes,
 Like a home in fairy tale.
 Years have sprinkled months around it—
 Six delightful, happy years;
 Full of hope and bliss they found it
 But they leave it bathed in tears.

At the foot of "Hazel Mountain"
 Is a narrow, grassy mound;
 Near it is a living fountain—
 Flowers are weeping all around.
 Seek it where the spikenard groweth,
 With its wealth of berries red;
 Shallow Creek there ever goeth,
 Murmuring o'er a snowy bed.

but he uses it as a family name for the several tribes who emigrated from the East to the North-West; among whom were the Ottaways, Sioux, Sax and Foxes, etc. **ALGIC** is the generic name for all Eastern and Southern tribes of Indians, in contradistinction from Arctic Indians, who were North and West.

Near the *Mound*, on trees are clustered,
 Summer birds of every tune;
 'Round it, many-petaled mustard,
 Golden in the month of June.
 Zerie, on that mound so narrow,
 Kneeleth, and her eyes are wet;
 Though her head is bowed in sorrow,
 She is pleading, hoping yet.

'T is the common lot of mortals,
 Looking earthward, ever fond,
 Calling, even through death's portals,
 To the blessed shades beyond.
 And we stretch our arms out—yearning,
 Toward the near and fatal shore;
 To our loves we cling, and turning
 Clasp the air—and nothing more.

On the River of Tomorrow,
 Floating outward to the main,
 Freighted with each joy and sorrow
 Pleasure and attendant pain,
 While the ship of Life is sailing,
 Look we anxious to the shore;
 Now and then a vessel hailing,
 Speaking it—but nothing more.

With the green moss as a pillow,
 Zerie, with disheveled hair,
 Kneels, and o'er her stoops a willow,
 Weeping with the mother there.
 Would you know why Zerie weepeth?
 Why so pallid is her cheek?
 Who beneath the willow sleepeth?
 Hear the song of Shallow Creek.

CANTO II.

SHALLOW CREEK.

LOVELY, as a laughing baby,
 Twining roses round its head,
 Lies this Creek among the daisies—
 Willows bending o'er its bed.
 Cunning streamie! roguish streamie!
 How it clasps its little hands!
 How its fingers, bright and beamy,
 Flash above the snowy sands!

Far above the laughing waters,
 Like a band of children seen,
 Are the hazel's, sons and daughters,
 Romping gayly, clad in green.
 Sumacs, with their purple plumings,
 Playing soldier, march away!
 While the birds among the bloomings,
 Whistle Yankee Doodle gay.

On a mossy stone, divining,
 Sits a Naiad frog so wise,
 Robed in green with golden lining,
 Diamonds sparkling in her eyes.
 Pearly gloves are on her fingers,
 Fairy slippers on her feet;
 Dreaming, pleasantly she lingers
 O'er some Frog-Utopia, sweet.

O'er the pebbles, downward trending
 Goes a train of little shells;

Slow and solemn snails are wending
 Through the under-water dells;
 Over tiny hills, uprising,
 Underneath the waters clear,
 Or through labyrinths surprising,
 Now are lost, and now appear.

All the snowy bed is sprinkled
 With the dust of insect life;
 Nameless creatures quaintly prinkled,
 Mix in strange, ephemeral strife.
 On the mossy shelves, unnumbered,
 Like the dust of powdered glass,
 Living creatures crowd, and cumbered
 With them is the glit'ring grass.

Nautic spiders, on the byways,
 Under water, set their snare—
 Lie in ambush, near the highways
 Like their kind in upper air.
 Wreckers are they, bloody-handed,
 Watching on some drifting leaf,
 Waiting till some ship is stranded
 Helpless on their hidden reef.

Busy mites, of silver-gleaming,
 Quicker than a shooting star,
 Like us human mites, are scheming
 Love, or politics, or war.
 Some, as beauteous as a jewel,
 Glitter, strut, and swell below;
 Others, loathsome, dull, or cruel,
 Moil or murder as they go.

Here, above the waters peering,
 Hangs a cliff a cubit high—
 On its dizzy verge, unfearing,
 Sits the venturesome dragon-fly;
 From his little rocky-mountain,
 Valiantly he looks below,
 As the eagle seeks the fountain,
 From the Alps' eternal snow.

Lovely, as a laughing baby,
 Twining roses round its head,
 Lies this Creek, among the daisies,
 On its pretty snowy bed.
 As its mellow murmur cometh,
 To the listening flow'r and vine,
 Audibly but low it hummeth:
 "Carrie darling! Carrie mine!"

Tell me, Creek, that wilt not tarry,
 In this tender song of thine,
 Why this pensive dirge to Carrie?
 "Carrie, darling! Carrie, mine!"
 When, O stream, that sadly weepest!
 When didst learn so sweet a song?
 Tell me of the name thou keepest—
 Name so cherished, sung so long!

"Once, a maiden came to love me—
 Came with early morning's gleam—
 Came to dress the vines above me,
 And to kiss her favorite stream;
 And this cheerful little Durden
 Tended me so well and long
 That her name became the burden
 Of my ceaseless summer song.

"Fresh as May among the roses—
Health and beauty on her cheek—
Chatting to the list'ning posies—
Carrie romped with Shallow Creek.
O, I worshiped her! and never
Shall that worship yield to time;
For my rippling rhythm forever
Shall with Carrie's memory chime.

"Carrie, fairest of my daughters,
With her ankles white as snow;
Carrie, stooping o'er the waters,
Laughing, singing, all-a-glow!
Carrie's feet among the cresses—
Carrie's water-loving feet;
Carrie's golden, waving tresses;
Carrie's voice divinely sweet—

"All are vanished, like the vision
Of a sweet, lamented dream!
Gone, are Carrie and her mission,
Like a fading summer-beam.
Now, ah me! in solemn sadness,
Silence, like a gloomy bird,
Chases sunlight, smile, and gladness,
Happy song and pleasant word."

On a summer morning early,
When the birds were drinking dew—
When the creek hummed low and cheerly,
Blissful in its love so true!
Children, with their eyelids streaming,
With a garland on each head,
Came in robes of whitest gleaming,
Came to mourn o'er Carrie dead.

Here, beside her little river,
Stood the mourners 'round her tomb.
Giving—all they had to give her—
Tears and flowers of early bloom.
O'er the grave, so short and narrow
Leaned her little comrades long,
Pouring out their sweetest sorrow,
In a wild and plaintive song:

"Carrie's dead! O vine and blossom!
Carrie's dead! O bird and bee!
Carrie's hands are on her bosom;
Carrie's lost, O Creek, to thee!
Carrie's feet now rest forever!
Carrie's song is stilled for aye!
Carrie's laughter cometh never!
Carrie's dead, O, mournful day!"

Near thy bosom she is sleeping,
Where, in life, she loved to be;
Thus her grave is in thy keeping,
And remembrance is with thee.
Now, O Creek! that ceaseth never,
Singing under leaf and vine,
Sing that sweet refrain forever
"Carrie, darling! Carrie, mine!"

CANTO III.

CARRIE IN HEAVEN.

ZERIE kneels beneath that willow,
Shaded by its falling hair,

With the green moss for a pillow,
And her soul goes up in prayer:
On her breast her hand reposes,
And her cheeks in tears are drowned,
As the dew from early roses
Spilling, moistens all the ground.

"Yesterday thy presence blessed me—
Only yesterday it seems—
Then thy twining arms caressed me,
And the hours were happy dreams.
I had barely time to press thee
To this heart, my stricken dove;
Scarcely time to kiss and bless thee—
Scarcely time to say, 'I love.'

"Now my home is sad and lonely;
Silent are its rooms and bow'rs:
Thorns are there and cypress only—
Gone are all the cherished flow'rs:
All the vines unclasp their fingers
From the uncongenial walls;
Each a last fond moment lingers,
Moans farewell, and, sighing, falls.

"All her birds, her warbling treasures,
Freely from her dreary room
Fly to chant their mournful measures,
'Round my darling's little tomb.
Funeral trains, all sadly going,
Travel through my bleeding heart,
On my soul their shadow throwing—
Shadow that will ne'er depart.

"Willow! thou wilt never weary,
Bending o'er my darling's bed;
Weep with me!—my life is dreary!
Bitter are the tears I shed
Thou hast loved her in her beauty,
Loved her fondly, constantly!
Weep for her! this blessed duty
Yet remains for thee and me."

"Listen! with my spirit weary;
Closer bring thine eye and ear!
Dost thou hear no voices, Zerie?
Dost thou see no vision here?
Hear the angel voices calling,
Soft as silver hum of bees,
Or like distant bird-notes falling,
Mellowed by the evening breeze!"

"O, the grave where they have laid her!
Voiceless, cheerless, damp, and cold!
O, the bed their hands have made her,
With the Earth-worm and the Mold!
If she call, I can not hear her;
If she weep, I can not see;
If disturbing things come near her
Vainly she appeals to me!"

Then the air was filled with rushing,
From a thousand wingless wings;
Tremulously swelled the gushing
Of a thousand flutt'ring things;
Fragrant breezes downward tended,
Bearing many an Angel throng;
And the many whis'ers blended
Into one wild burst of song!

"Pleasant is the bed we make her,
In our happy spirit climes—
We, who watch her sleep, and wake her
With our richest angel rhymes.
No disturbing things come near her—
All her visions are of bliss;
If she calls, the Seraphs hear her,
And they answer with a kiss."

Long the eager mother listened;
All her soul was in her ear;
On her eyelid's fringe there glistened
Hope's blest harbinger—a tear.
Long she gazed, as though her spirit
Through her eyes would climb to heaven;
And she truly seemed to hear it,
For a higher sense was given.

Fast among the willow tresses,
Tinkled little fairy feet,
Softly as when zephyr presses
Petals of the daisy sweet.
Tripping down to meet her spirit,
Came a shining angel form;
And her soul leaned out to near it,
Leaned to catch its smiles so warm.

Balanced by its pinions starry,
Gracefully the Angel stands:
And she knows her darling Carrie,
And she stretches forth her hands.
At her side the Angel lingers,
And she strives to clasp its wing;
But the earth-mold on her fingers
May not soil so pure a thing.

Harps, like Israfil's,* were pouring
Spirit-music from on high—
Hymns of Cherubim adoring,
In their flight 'twixt earth and sky
Sunlight bore a milder seeming;
Clearer grew the ambient air,
For the mother's eyes were beaming,
With a new Clairvoyance there.

She was rapt in scenes elysian;
Love had found its highest theme;
Earth was passing from her vision;
Life and time were now a dream.
More impassioned rose the cadence
Of the Soul-Land's thrilling voice:
Here is heaven!—in the radiance
Of thy new-born life, rejoice!—

Came a hunter, late at even,
Slow returning from the chase—
Savage sport had sharply given
Lines of coarseness to his face:
And his low-browed, cruel cunning,
Marked him "Slayer"—scarcely Man!
One, whose human thoughts were running
Down to brutish plot and plan.

Well he noted every trifle,
In the lore of woodland ways;

Halted he, and cocked his Rifle,
Trembling, pallid, all amaze:
Right before him, near the willow,
Lay our Zerie—she was dead!
Carrie's little tomb the pillow,
That sustained her dreamless head.

Well!—the loving, on the morrow,
Gathered garlands for her bier—
Tokens of their love and sorrow;
And they sadly laid her here.
Now, O Willow! ever weeping—
Weeping over leaf and vine—
Both their graves are in thy keeping,
And their memories now are thine.

THE SOWER.

BY MISS H. A. SMITH.

A SOWER went forth to sow
Good seed in the fertile ground;
And as he sowed, by the eddying wind
'T was scattered far around.
Some fell by the highway-side,
And was crushed by trampling feet,
And the birds devoured them as they fell
On the hard and dusty street.

Some fell on stony ground,
And quickly the blade sprang forth,
Yet could not pierce with its slender roots
The parched and sterile earth.
And the sun arose, and noon
Poured down its scorching ray,
And the tender plant no moisture found,
And withered quick away.

Some fell among the thorns,
And the seed sprung up and grew;
Yet the choking thorns shut out the sun,
And drank the rain and dew;
And when the Reaper came
No perfect fruit he found;
Pale and of sickly hue, it fell
All worthless to the ground.

Yet, of that precious seed,
Some fell on goodly soil,
And the root sank deep and the green blade
sprung,
To bless the laborer's toil.
Warmed by the sun it grew,
Expanding hour by hour,
And fed by dews it blossomed forth
Like Eden's garden flower.

And the Reaper came and found,
Among the fragrant leaves,
The golden fruitage, ripe and full,
And he bound it in his sheaves.
And he sang the harvest song,
With joy like those of old;
For the precious seed, that was sown in hope,
Brought forth a hundred-fold.

* And the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AFTER.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

AFTER an absence of eighteen years I returned to my native village to sojourn during a Sabbath day in June, —. It is a quiet town at the foot of one of the chief mountains of Central Pennsylvania. Twenty years ago it was the principal market town for a rich grain-growing district, and was an important turnpike and canal entrepot. Now the Central Pennsylvania Railroad winds around the bend of the Juniata River, behind which the village lies, and between half a dozen towns the trade is divided, which formerly was centralized at the county capital. Its material history illustrates the characteristics of American progress, and its social and financial revolutions represent the tendency, if not the destiny, of American society. These thoughts obtruded themselves as I renewed acquaintance with venerable citizens or with those who had been schoolmates. Recollections of the impressions and ambitions of boyhood came to me with real convictions of the vanity and vexation of spirit which underlies all human experience.

I left the railway station, for a quiet walk into the village, at sunset. While I stood on the river-bank, thinking how small a stream it seemed then, compared with the stream in my memory, associated with which were delightful reminiscences of bathing, boating, fishing, and skating, I experienced a delight, of which I had been deprived in my Western home. The top of the mountain, a mile from the village, was purple with reflected light from the declining sun, but the valley was in deep shadow,

"And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky."

It was in that hour of pensive sweetness—between sunset shadows and night shades—I indulged, when a boy, such thoughts as, in my untutored imagination, forecast the future—an hour of which the inhabitants of a plain can have no experience, but which, to the dweller in deep valleys, may bring the choicest pleasures or the saddest sorrows of his life.

When I threw back the window-blinds in my room on Sabbath morning, the great mountain near the village met my wondering gaze just as it did in the mornings of my earliest memories; but it seemed to me higher and broader; was more awe-inspiring, while the valley was narrower, and the creeks which rippled through it were rivulets compared with

"The beautiful pictures
That hung on memory's wall."

How insignificant the village contrasted with my boyhood impressions; how short the distance from the river to the public square; how small and uninteresting that square; how inconsiderable the academy in which playmates had learned how to go to college; how unimportant the old mill and its dam, when I thought of the mill and dam of my Saturday afternoons twenty years ago!

"The long grass grows in the shady pool,
Where the cattle used to come to cool,
And the rotting wheel stands still;
The gray owl winks in the granary loft,
And the sly rat slinks, with a pit-pat soft,
From the hopper of the quaint old mill."

A new church has been built on the site, toward which parental authority regularly turned my youthful footsteps, but the preacher is the same august disciplinarian whose portly form, inspiring vexatious perplexity, if not reverential awe, appears in my remotest recollections of secular as well as of Sunday school examinations.

In harmony with my wish for incidents suggesting boyhood experiences, it happened that the venerable pastor baptized a child whose mother had been one of the advanced scholars in the school at which I first attacked arithmetic and grammar. His address, in explanation of the rite, his charge to the mother respecting her obligation to "bring up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," were the same, not only in form but in substance, which had been given to my parents when their children were presented, and to all the parents whose children he had since baptized. Those addresses and the memories they stirred brought to mind vividly companions of my youth, on whose brows that trembling hand had sprinkled the water of consecration. How many did I see in the church pews? Not a tithe of them. One, the minister's son, was an elder; but of the boys, upon whom the brightest hopes had centered, not another was a communicant in that Church. Three or four were men of influence in other Churches—two or three had died far away from home—several were intemperate—one or two immersed in business were "indifferent honest." The places set apart by fond parents and trustful friends for those who, from precept and example, might have been expected to become leaders in good works, had been taken by men respecting whom, as boys, there had been no general hopes or ambitions. What was true of that Church in this particular was true of the business of the town. The names on the prominent signs along the principal streets, were not the names familiar to my school-days. Every one of the business men

who, in 1840, were financial leaders, had retired—a majority of them had sadly failed. Sons, inheriting position and capital, education and training, had not succeeded to their places. The prosperous business men of the village now are the sons of men who taught their boys to work diligently, because attention to the requirements of business was essential to their daily necessities.

Eighteen years! two-thirds of the population of a small town changed; the rich poor; the poor rich; the places of leading men occupied by the descendants of obscure citizens or of strangers—leading men, whose forms disappearing from accustomed walks have been forgotten by a majority of those still living whom their enterprise and liberality most befriended. What potent lessons for American homes and for American schools such observations suggest! I could emphasize them with melancholy facts from real life, but I pass from personal greetings, and inquiries, and answers, to my evening at the Methodist church.

To the evening exercises of that Church, and to its Sabbath school, inclination led me in early youth. The plain building, with uncushioned pews and uncarpeted aisles, in which the first Methodist sermon of my recollections was preached, was yet occupied, but a gallery had been added to it. On the night about which I am writing, I thought more of the past than of the preacher's sermon. A venerable man, who had regularly taken up the collections when I was a small boy, passed around the contribution-box. In the front pews sat half a dozen men whom I had seen in the same place twenty years before—men whom I had often heard talk with my father about a sermon preached in that church, which awakened abiding interest in the town: a sermon by Henry B. Bascom. I was not over twelve years of age when it was delivered, but I remember it well. The text was, "Behold the Lamb of God." In manner of speaking, impressiveness of thought, and beauty of language, the power of the preacher was so eminently displayed, that many of the devout of the congregation adopted my father's description of the effect upon his mind. He said it seemed to him that the heavens were opened, and that he saw the Lamb of God enthroned within them. The visit of Mr. Bascom made a lively impression upon my mind because his noble form, his secluded habits, his handsome dress, his courtly address were the topics of many gatherings for gossip.

Among the women of early times in Central Pennsylvania, distinguished for benevolence, and for unresting activity in enterprises promising the advancement of the cause of religion, was one of whom I thought reverently when the con-

cluding prayer of the exercises, which I had neglected for recollections of Mr. Bascom, was offered. That woman was Rachel Martin—familiarily known as Aunt Martin, in my early boyhood, afterward the wife of Rev. Jacob Gruber, who was notorious for zeal and eccentricity. She was a remarkable woman, not less remarkable for her winning influence over young men than for her power in prayer. Her voice was strong but melodious—her elocution was appropriate—she had clear intentions, and she could command conciseness of expression. Often, in prayer or exhortation, she so deeply impressed an audience as to fill the room in which she spoke with sobbing. She took watchful interest in half a dozen boys who were frequently invited to her house, and for whom she had hopes of eminence in the pulpit. Alas, her hopes were vain! When it became known that she was to be married to Jacob Gruber, the gossips of the village, together with friends who were not gossips, vigorously protested.

Mrs. Martin was a woman of refined mind, of delicate appreciativeness—Mr. Gruber was a man of good intentions but of rude manners, blunt speech, and rough satire. It was perhaps on account of comments upon these contrasts of characteristics that he manifested rudeness to a brother minister, as related by William P. Strickland in his biography of Mr. Gruber. The brother called at the house where Mr. and Mrs. Gruber were staying and inquired for Mr. Gruber. When his inquiry was answered by the eccentric preacher, he said,

"Good morning, brother Gruber; I hope you are well. I understand you have been getting married again, brother Gruber."

"Well, what is that of your business?"

"Nothing, only I thought I would call and congratulate you."

"I do n't want to be congratulated, sir."

"I had the pleasure of knowing your lady, and of frequently stopping at her house."

"I have n't got any lady."

"Well, I should like to pay my respects to Mrs. Gruber."

"She is respectable enough."

"But may I not be permitted to see her?"

"I do n't keep her for a show."

Mr. Gruber was a frequent visitor at my father's shop. His quaintness, quite as much as his goodness, made him welcome. I never heard him preach, but frequently listened to exhortations by him, and on several occasions heard him address temperance meetings. At one of these meetings he gave a characteristic definition of teetotal. After describing the nastiness of tobacco chewing, he attacked all beverages but cold

water, declaring himself for *tea*-total abolition. The town had every week some new story about father Gruber's eccentricity. Several of these stories are related in Mr. Strickland's book. He did not sympathize with his wife in her personal attentions to boys, and he was more than once sorely perplexed by them. They took delight in giving him cause for vexation. Mr. Strickland declares that "for once in his life his wit and judgment both failed him; he was completely outdone."

On the street passing in front of "Rachel Martin's house"—the name he always gave to the dwelling bequeathed to his wife by her first husband—was, in Winter, an excellent sliding-place. The boys frequently gathered there for sport. Mr. Gruber was annoyed by their shouts and laughter, and repeatedly ordered them to "clear out." They insisted upon a right to sport in the public highway, and one day he went among them determined to compel submission to his authority. In spite of his remonstrances a bold boy made ready to run his sled down the hill; Mr. Gruber pushed the boy aside and seated himself firmly upon the sled. No sooner had he done so than three or four of the strongest boys with united force put the sled in motion. Away went the preacher—off flew his hat, and he was unable to arrest his progress till the sled had reached the bottom of the hill. The boys gave a round of hearty cheers as he returned to recover his hat, and he went into "Rachel Martin's house" without offering remonstrance or rebuke. He did not forget the leading boys, however, and early took occasion to administer biting sarcasm to each one of them; on account of which they retaliated with some new vexation, for they were ingenious in mischief.

Reminiscences of those boys, companions in many sports and in many griefs, crowded upon my mind on that June night in the old church where I first recognized the fervor of Methodism—Methodism which insisted upon plainness and directness according to the understanding of the fathers—the old church in which I first became interested in Sabbath school—associated, therefore, with the memory of pleasant playmates, and with the guiding impressions of lessons that have not yet lost their influence for good.

Awakened from reveries on the past I saw, in the congregation around me, changes in harmony with my morning observations and reflections; and when I went out from the church and walked in the clear starlight to the ancient graveyard, in which brothers and sisters, friends and acquaintances, in the melancholy days of

long ago, had been buried, I was sadder for the past than hopeful for the future.

The sadness which then fell upon my heart I did not leave behind when, at day-break on the following morning, I took the rail-cars for the great West.

WHAT THE FOREST SAID TO ITSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

THE POPPY.

WE err when we suppose that the plants can do nothing but bud, blossom, exhale their fragrance, and wither; for this opinion, although it be so prevalent, originated only in our own egotism, which would willingly interpret every thing in nature as alone for us, and while we discern only the outward life of the flowers, ascribe to them no inner at all. But although asserted, this is not so; and as each flower has its own character, one being modest, another proud and haughty, this vivacious and glowing, that sullen and gloomy, or as they differ from each other in color and outward manner, so has also each its own desires, struggles, raptures, sorrows, and affections; but they all have a surpassing patriotism; that is to say an attachment not only to the soil, but also to the place upon which they have grown, so that they can not exist elsewhere—a sensibility which, in later times, among men we might often regret. But the flowers have also a way of communication, and many a song, many a story can they breathe into the ear of him who understands their language—who would be willing many a night—for that, as we shall soon see, is especially the time of their communications—to listen upon the blooming plain, and all the party-colored pictures which would be produced before him might well seem like a beautiful, poetic dream.

The narrator of the following story lay once, in a fragrant moonlight night, on the blossoming carpet of a forest and listened, or dreamed, which many would rather believe, while he heard, all at once, a thousand little voices proceeding from the flowers. Probably a friendly fairy, to whom he once, while wandering, had unconsciously done a favor, had lent him her sense of hearing for the night. Dolefully whispered the reed in the ear of its neighbor a long, lyrical ballad, and its neighbor sadly listened. In the midst chattered the red poppy, which, among the flowers, is the gossiping chronicle and represents the poppy literature. Not far off the red moss-blossoms tittered together, and they had surely said something to each other really humorous. The bell-

flower was indeed silent; but while she nodded her head to the right and left she continually confirmed the speeches of her neighbors.

It was entirely otherwise with the sensitive grass, which shook its head continually, and would believe nothing of all which it heard around.

They might have been aware of the listener, and, according to the old proverb, wished to punish him for his impudence, or it may be generally a favorite theme of the flowers; at any rate, this time their conversation turned chiefly on the injustice and the ungracious manner which men had come to be guilty of toward them.

"Alas!" cried, complaining, a troop of thyme-blossoms, "again has the heavy foot of a man crushed our beloved sisters."

"Yes, they do not esteem us at all," said a catchfly, which was so willing to be observed that she stretched herself right high upon her slender stem, "although we lovingly lean upon and hold fast to them. If they only destroyed us because we were harmful to them, like the hemlock; but nothing is harder to bear than their contempt, in which they consider it as of no consequence whatever to turn away their foot from us."

"No, indeed," graciously whispered from the midst a forget-me-not, "after your speeches one would take men to be really unjust toward us; and yet I can contradict your reproach. Are not we their favorite adornment on festive occasions, and do they not always choose us as messengers of their most sacred sentiments for the beloved?"

"Those times are long gone by," said the sorrel, greatly out of humor. "Indeed, do not men consider themselves authorized in their puffed-up pride to bungle in the handiwork of the Creator; yes, to improve upon him, while they imitate and copy us in pitiable, paper-painted things? And with what do they adorn themselves now, with us or with these contemptible imitations? And do they indeed take us for love-tokens except when they have nothing better? or else this flower-language has been long gone out of fashion, for it is called sentimentality, and made ridiculous."

"I allow all that," commenced the lily; "how can men esteem our sensibility when they do not understand it? But they must not deny it when it is made evident to them. Only consider—when the night is past and we look about in the morning light, there is always one or another of our companions missing, which either bowed its head in the evening twilight or which the wild night wind stripped of its leaves. Then we mourn them, and tears hang in our eyes. Men see that, but without troubling themselves to

understand it: they deny that these drops are a token of our sensibility and our sorrow, and say that was the dew which the morning mist had sprinkled over us."

This proof of the injustice of men must have been so conclusive that for a moment no one had any thing to answer or to add.

Not far from me a group formed itself round a glowing, high-shooting poppy. I had long before observed that her party laid their heads together and had taken no part in the discussion, so little flattering to me. As now this pause ensued, the primrose cried, while she swung about her bells, "Hush! hush! your sister, the poppy, will tell us something. The poppy discourses; hush, hush!" and all hearkened, for even the reeds had finished their lengthy song.

The poppy raised herself upon her slender stem and then bowed several times hither and thither. I had expected that she would first allow herself to be entreated—that she would plead hoarseness, or at least urge many excuses; but that can not be at present a custom among the flowers, for the poppy began immediately to discourse:

"You will hear me? Well, I will relate to you, then, how, according to old, honored traditions which have descended in our family from one generation to another, we poppies owe our existence entirely to a single accident; for you must not think that, at the creation of the world, we flowers were all strewed at once over the earth. O, no; one after another came, and it happened at that time accidentally, even as it happens now in the Spring."

"How does it happen in the Spring?" hastily interrupted the red poppy.

"Thou canst ask that beforehand of the daisy, for that is always on hand early," answered the poppy; "but then do not interrupt me again in my story."

The daisy, which was the least regarded, by many indeed esteemed as of very little value, while its cousin, the pansy, because it had received a somewhat better education, stood in much higher favor, was only too much pleased and transported that it might once venture a word, and a soft red stole over its white leaves, as one has indeed very often observed on this little flower. Then it drew its head thankfully up to its high patroness and commenced without waiting a farther question.

"What harm we have done to the Winter that he is so hostile to us poor flowers, I can not tell you, and the opinions upon that point are various. It is only certain that he can not endure us, and rests not till he has swept us all from the earth. But his reign does not last forever; and

after him comes our best friend—the Spring. He is now seen to be very much troubled when, of all the variegated children which he, at his farewell, had solicitously intrusted to the Summer, not one remains, and he must cover his hair in a long, gray vail because he has yet no flower or leaf to twine for himself a wreath.

"Then he passes with his loving hand gently over the earth, and beckons and calls his favorites, of whom not one may stretch forth its head, for they are still very much terrified, so much has the harsh Winter overawed them. Indeed, this fear is not groundless, for there are instances known that the Winter, when he was already far away, has turned back and struck the flowers on the head.

"Some flowers, indeed, which have a peculiarly-friendly disposition, will not let the Spring wait long and come forth in haste. So doth the good little violet. And when it looks about itself, and the earth appears still so very cold, and so few of all its sisters are awake, then it is afraid and coyly hides again its little head under the green leaves.

"Men call this modesty, but it is much more fear; and then awakes in the violet the great longing after companionship which it breathes out in its exquisite fragrance. Poor violet! this longing remains unsatisfied, and when the other flowers have come its mission is long ago fulfilled. But because it always feels drawn toward them, it sometimes comes forth again for a few days in Autumn, and its yearning is quieted. That is also the reason why then it exhales no more such lovely fragrance as its earliest blossoming."

"Now you know how it happens in the Spring," again resumed the poppy, "and in like manner happened it also at the creation. One flower came after another. But at the time to which my tradition relates the greater part were already collected, and it was very beautiful upon the earth, for over all reigned joy and harmony. Beasts and men lived friendly with each other, and there was nothing but jubilee from morning till evening. One being alone, the only one in the wide, wide creation, shared not this universal joy, and wandered sorrowfully over the young earth—it was Night. You will ask why she was sorrowful. She was alone in the world where every other being had a companion; and is there any bliss when we can not share it? Therefore the Night found more and more what she would have so willingly concealed from herself, that she was the only being whom others might not lovingly approach. For though she willingly lighted her lamp, yet must she still deprive men and beasts of the sunshine, and that alienated all from her. Not that they had complained in her

presence, but by the rejoicing with which the morning sun was greeted it was evident enough how little attachment was felt for Night. That naturally troubled her, for she was good and affectionate, and she wrapped her head in the thickest vail in order to weep away her bitter grief. That moved us sympathetic flowers very much, and as every thing turned away from her we sought what little we could to soothe her pain—to cause her joy as much as it was permitted us. But we had nothing to offer except our color and fragrance, and in our color the Night could have taken no great pleasure. So we poured out for her our most delightful fragrance, especially, for example, the night violet, which exhaled no perfume by day, that she might bring all her fragrance to the Night; and this custom she has also preserved since, as is known. Yet all this could not soothe the sorrowing one, and she threw herself in her distress before the throne of the Creator.

"'Almighty Father,' she cried, 'thou seest how happy every thing is in thy creation. I alone wander friendless, solitary, and unloved over the earth, and have no being whom I can unite to myself in my sorrow. The Day flees from me as, longing, I hasten toward him, and like him, all creatures turn away from me. Therefore, Almighty Father, pity me, and give me a companion in my grief.'

"The Creator smiled in sympathy and sent Sleep to her for an associate. Is it not known that the Creator sent him smiling, therefore, that he is only beloved—that he dispenses only blessing—only blessing and consolation?

"Night took this friend to her arms, and now began a very different time for her. Not alone that she was no longer solitary, but that also the hearts of all became attached to her, since Sleep, the beloved of all living, came with her when she sent the Day away from the earth. Soon other friendly beings were found in their train—Dreams—the children of Night and Sleep. They wandered with their parents over the earth, and soon contracted a friendship with men who, at that time, were also in their hearts like little children. But, alas! that was soon changed. Men's passions awoke, and they became sadder and sadder in disposition. Children are early spoiled in bad company, and so it happened that some Dreams also, by reason of intercourse with light-minded men, became deceitful and unfriendly.

"Sleep observed this change in his children and wished the degenerate ones to be cast out from their train. Then the brothers and sisters interceded for them and said, 'Leave us the brothers, who are not so bad as they seem, and

we promise you to do good again where they have offended by their unfriendliness.' The father regarded the wish of his good children, and so the bad Dreams remained also in his company; but, as experience has taught, they feel themselves always, in a wonderful manner, drawn most toward bad men.

"It became with men worse and worse, however. Once a man lay, one glorious night, upon the fragrant turf, and Sleep and Dreams approached, but Sin would not allow them to take possession of him. A terrible thought rose in his mind—the thought of murder. In vain Sleep shook over him the soothing drops from his magic wand; in vain Dreams sported around him with their many-colored pictures—he continually withdrew himself from their gentle sovereignty. Then Sleep called to his children, 'Let us flee; this man is not worthy of our charities;' and they fled.

"When they were far off Sleep took his magic wand, half in anger that it had this time so badly proved its efficiency, and stuck it in the earth. Dreams came hovering over it, shaping their light, airy, party-colored pictures, which they should have sent to men. Night saw that and breathed life into the wand, so that it struck root into the earth. It grew green and concealed in itself afterward, as before, the drops which summoned sleep. And the ministrations of the Dreams fashioned themselves into delicate fluttering leaves. So originated we poppies."

The story was ended, and in acknowledgment the flowers bowed from all sides to the narrator. Thereupon the morning dawned. As it grew light the scattered leaves of a centifolia fluttered through the wood and stopped by each flower which they passed, whispering to each a mournful farewell, and tears hung in all the flowers.

MATERNAL LOVE.

LAST among the characteristics of woman, is that sweet, motherly love with which nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore does her heart yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth this feeling is the same; climate, which changes every thing else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY REV. W. A. DAVIDSON.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—BIBLE.

IN this paper the training of children is the subject to be discussed. Its vital importance demands for it special attention. To what, how early, and by what means ought children to be trained, are questions directly involved in this discussion.

To what ought children to be trained? To this question a general answer is intimated in the inspired words above quoted, "Train up a child in the way he should go." Whenever parents have decided in what way their children should go, both while in childhood and in all after life, they know precisely in what way to train them. And surely this is a matter to be decided without much difficulty. It may be of some advantage to make the following specifications:

1. Children should be trained to obedience. To this all agree. It is alike the dictate of reason and the command of inspiration. It involves equally the happiness of the parents and the welfare of the children. And yet in what else are parents more generally and culpably at fault? For failure to train in other respects they may be excusable. Want of capability on their part, or of capacity on the part of children, may be justly pleaded. But not so in this case. Neither of these is ever wanting, nor is any thing else which is necessary to the end. God has ordained and provided otherwise. The family is a wisely-organized monarchy, in which the father and mother are, by divine right, joint sovereigns, and the children the subjects. The will of the former is the law of the latter. This law ought always to be right and reasonable, and then strictly and invariably enforced. To secure this enforcement one thing is ever essential—the subjugation of the will, or, as it is commonly termed, the "conquering" of the child. This subjugation or "conquering" ought, in every case, to be complete; when thus it is always final—it requires no repetition. At that moment is initiated a habit of obedience, which, under ordinarily favoring circumstances, grows not only stronger, but more cheerful and ready. It is to this habit of obedience that all children ought to be trained.

But at how early an age? This is an interesting and a mooted question. To answer it definitely, as to time, may not be attempted. In another sense, however, it may be definitely answered. Every child should be trained to obedi-

ence; should be "conquered" as soon as it is capable of knowing the will of the parent. Of this capability the parent is the judge. In some children it is found at a much earlier age than in others. The time, perhaps, ranges between nine and eighteen months: in most cases it is not over a year. Whenever, in the judgment of the parents, this time has fully arrived, they should undertake their task with a will, and accomplish it beyond a peradventure.

But what means shall they employ? Two: parental affection and parental authority. Heaven ordains the use of both. In some cases the former is alone sufficient; in others both are required. The readiness with which children of different families, and even of the same family, yield obedience is remarkably variant. Naturally some children are pliant and easily governed: others are self-willed and intractable. Hence, for parents to attempt to secure obedience and govern all the children by the same means, is as unwise and unphilosophical as it is unsuccessful. An indiscriminate use, therefore, of either parental affection or parental authority, or of both, can never secure the ends of good family government. Parents must determine in what cases and at what times the one or the other or both of these means is to be used; and this determination ought to be the result of the closest observation, and of the calmest and most mature judgment. Caprice or passion should find no place in so important and responsible a matter. For parents to use authority to secure obedience, when affection is sufficient, is cruelty; and to refuse to use the former, when the latter is insufficient, is cruel kindness, and, in most instances, the source of many woes.

The using of parental authority implies coercion, or, in the language of the Good Book, the use of the "rod." At the very mention of this modern squeamishness grows pale and cries, "Away with this relic of barbarism." Not so fast. A second sober thought may do no harm just at this point. The "rod" is not a relic of barbarism, but a venerable institution of the Bible. And the God of the Bible recognizes and sanctions its use. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." "Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest." Parents do well who practice on God's plan. He certainly ought to understand the nature of children and the philosophy of governing them quite as well, or a little better than these modern reformers. In using the "rod," however, great prudence and strong nerves are very requisite. Like all other good things it

may be sadly misused. It has been; and hence the general and unfortunate prejudice against it. Thousands of parents, in chastising their children, go just far enough to excite anger and arouse rebellion in their hearts; leaving them not only unsubdued, unconquered, but more unconquerable than before. A child cries. The mother says, Hush, or I'll whip you. It cries on; and, in a fit of anger, she flies at it and gives it a blow or two. This is the signal for still louder screams. At length the whole fracas is settled by the conquered mother *hiring* the little dear to quit crying, and be good. Thousands of just such scenes are transpiring every day. No wonder, with such examples as these before them, many are loud and earnest in their denunciations of the use of the "rod."

The conclusion of this whole matter is this. Parents should train their children to obedience, cost what it may. The end justifies the use of all lawful means. This end should be attained, if possible, by the exercise of parental affection; but if this is not possible, then by the exercise of parental authority; that authority administering chastisement till no more is needed.

2. Children might be trained to industry. In this stirring world of ours, an idle man or woman is truly a pitiable object; and to be a sluggard is a terrible disgrace. Now, if parents would not have their children grow up to be such, they must train them to habits of industry in early life. This training should, in all cases, be commenced before there is time for the formation of any habit of indolence. In order to this, every nursery ought to be a playhouse and a workshop, and well fitted and furnished for both purposes. And parents must be afraid of neither noise nor confusion. For children to be active, to romp and play, is as natural, and as necessary too, as for them to breathe. All unnecessary restraints should, therefore, be absent; allowing childish glee and activity free scope and full development. To expect children to be as sober and quiet as old folks, is a miserable heresy; to require it, is an unpardonable blunder—a blunder which has burdened society with no small number of drones and blockheads. It is also necessary to the training of children to proper habits of industry, that their natural tastes and adaptations be carefully observed, and that these be timely and wisely cherished and cultivated. It is not fatalistic, nor is it unreasonable to believe, that God intends every human being for a specific purpose, and that, consequently, He gives him an endowment, mental and physical, better adapted to the securing of this purpose than any other. In other words, that each human being can do what his Maker intends and qualifies him to do, easier and

better than any thing else. Many, doubtless, fail in what they attempt simply because they attempt what they ought not—that for which they have no adaptation, for which God never made them. Hence parents, touching this matter, can not be too careful. They ought on no account to devote their children to a vocation, nor attempt to train them for one for which they show no taste, no adaptation. This is to turn water up stream—it is to war against Providence. But this taste and adaptation, how are they to be detected? By a very easy process. They are, when not meddled with, always coupled together, and usually show themselves in early childhood. History informs us of poets who, when in babyhood, perpetrated rhymes unconsciously; of mathematicians who, when little boys, amused themselves by drawing diagrams; of musicians who began to sing almost as soon as they began to speak. Thus it is with all children. They show by their childish acts their natural taste and adaptation for some particular vocation. All, therefore, parents need do, to detect this taste and adaptation in their children is, to observe them closely and repeatedly.

Before quitting this part of the subject it may not be needless to add, that *all* children should be trained to industry. No possible circumstances of the parents can justify exempt cases. And yet, in some quarters, this absurd notion would seem to prevail. Some parents, because they are wealthy, and, on this account, assume an aristocratic position in society, seem to suppose that their children need not be industrious. This is a delusion—a ruinous mistake. Their children no less than others can afford to be idle. Idleness is an abnormal state. No good ever comes of it, but always much harm. It is Satan's opportunity, and he never fails to make good use of it. Industry, on the other hand, is one of the chief conservators of both health and virtue. All parents, therefore, and for many other reasons besides, ought to train their children to habits of honest industry.

POPE AND SWIFT.

SWIFT once said in a letter to one of his friends, that he hated human nature, but all his love was toward individuals: "for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love counselor such-a-one, and judge such-a-one. But principally I hate and detest that animal, *man*, although I love Peter, John, Thomas, and so forth."

Pope, on the contrary, said his love was for human nature, and his hatred against particular persons. Perhaps this little thing illustrates the characters of the two authors.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

SCHOOL was just out, and the children, with their books and satchels, came pouring out of the little white school-house, like a swarm of bees out of a hive. Katy Dean walked very slowly down the shady street, tying her sun-bonnet as she went, and swinging her little willow basket in her hand.

Katy was thinking about something; something very pleasant, too, for she smiled sometimes, and nodded her head, as if she were talking to herself. Presently she began to walk faster, and when she came in sight of home she gave her basket a very hard swing, and ran into the yard, fairly out of breath. Jenny was at the window watching for her, and as soon as Katy saw her, she called out, "Jenny! Jenny Dean! come into the garden this minute. I want to tell you something."

Jenny came slowly. She stopped at the garden gate to catch a bee in a great pink holly-hock. Jenny folded the top of the flower up in her fingers, and went down the garden-walk holding it up to her ear to hear the bee hum. Katy was waiting for her, sitting on the grass under the great pear-tree.

"I've found out something!" said she, nodding, and looking very wise indeed.

"What is it?" asked Jenny, opening the flower and letting the bee fly away.

"Why, you see," whispered Katy, "I've found out that next week Saturday is mother's birthday, and I think it would be so nice for us to make her a birthday present."

"We can't," said Jenny; "we have n't got any money."

"I've got it all fixed about that!" said Katy. "You know she can buy plenty of things for herself, but we might make something for her, all ourselves—a pincushion, or something."

"That's the very thing!" said Jenny, throwing herself flat upon the ground to watch some ants that were trying to carry off a dead grasshopper. "Mother's pincushion is n't fit to be seen since Susy spilled the baby's medicine over it."

"And then you know," said Katy, "when Miss Bennett made our new bonnets, she said she would give us some nice pieces of silk for pincushions, if we would come to her shop. And we can work it with those spangles Aunt Esther gave us; and on one side have it say, '*from Katy*,' and on the other——"

Just at this moment Jenny laughed out, and said, "How funny they do look! Do you s'pose they are going to eat it, Katy?"

"Eat what?" said Katy. "What are you talking about?"

"Why, this grasshopper; it is so funny to see the ants try to drag it along!"

"Pooh!" said Katy; "who cares for ants? I do n't believe you heard a word I said."

"Yes I did!" said Jenny, tossing the grasshopper away into the grass. "You said a silk pincushion, worked with spangles, and on one side have it say '*from Katy*,' and on the other '*from Jenny*,' I s'pose."

"Yes, that's it," said Katy; "and we'll each work our own side. Let's ask mother if we may go now for the silk."

"I'm glad you've come, Katy," said their mother, as they went into the nursery. "I want you to sit by baby till he gets through his nap. Be very quiet, and when he wakes you can go and play with Jenny."

"O, dear!" said Katy, as she sat down by the cradle; "I do hate to watch baby."

Her mother went out of the room, and Jenny sat down to watch, too. Katy brushed away the flies very carefully at first, and did not let one come near the baby. Pretty soon she began to wish he would wake up, and then she let a big fly walk right over his pink cheeks. Baby put up his little chubby fist and rubbed his cheek, but he didn't wake up. Next time two flies crept across his dimpled double chin, and took a taste from his red mouth. Baby scowled up his forehead, put up both hands and rubbed his little pug nose, then opened his blue eyes and looked about him. He did n't cry, but lay there very contentedly sucking his fist.

"O, Jenny," said Katy, "you go and tell mother he's awake, and then we can go right away."

Their mother looked very tired when she came back to the nursery, but she took the baby, and only said, "He has n't had much of a nap." So Jenny and Katy got their bonnets and ran away to Miss Bennett's. She seemed very glad to see them, and gave them a great many pretty bits of ribbons, besides a beautiful piece of crimson satin for the pincushion. She told them just how to make it, and sew the spangles on, and trim it around the edges; so they went home very happy, and could hardly wait till morning to begin the work. Katy worked very diligently at her side every spare moment she could get, and by the middle of the week had it all completed; but Jenny never liked to work, and she got on so slowly with hers that Katy grew very impatient, and there was more than one quarrel over the crimson pincushion. I am sorry to say, also, that they were not at all loving and dutiful to their kind mother, but fretted when she asked them to take care of baby, or do any of those things in

which little hands can be so helpful. And so it happened that Friday night came and the cushion was not done, for neither of the girls would consent that *her* side should be the bottom. While they were disputing about it, baby picked it up from the floor where it had fallen, and put it—where babies put every thing—into his mouth; so, by the time Katy spied him, the crimson pincushion was ruined forever. Katy began to cry, but Jenny said she "did n't care a bit;" and there is no telling what naughty things might have have been said and done if the carriage had not driven up just then with Aunt Esther, who had come to spend mother's birthday with her. They were so delighted to see her they forgot every thing else. Jenny caught up the baby and lugged him down to the hall, so as to be ready for a kiss the moment auntie came in.

That night when the little girls went to bed, Aunt Esther went up with them, and when they were undressed she put one arm around each one, and told them a story, as she always did. And this was Aunt Esther's story:

"When your dear mother first had you and Jenny to take care of, she was very young, and never had had any care or rouble in her life. Her cheeks were round and red, and she had shining curls, and soft, white hands, almost as soft as baby's. The very day you were born grandma came and looked at you, and said, 'Two little twin babies! what can you ever do with them?'

"And your dear mother smiled and said, 'O, I can love them dearly, and take care of them, and by and by they will be a comfort to me, I hope.' So she took care of you while you were tiny babies, and when you grew older she worked for you, and watched you night and day, and nursed you so carefully when you were sick, and never got out of patience or stopped loving you one minute. She put up all her pretty curls because her babies took up so much time; and her cheeks grew thin and pale, and her soft hands got harder. She did n't get any time to walk in the meadow, or hunt for flowers and berries as she used to do; but when people pitied her and said, 'How much trouble your children are to you!' she always said, 'Yes, they are a good deal of trouble; but I hope they will grow up gentle and loving, and then they will be such a comfort to me!' You are nine years old now; are you such a comfort to this dear mother who gave up so much for you?"

The little girls did not speak, but Katy was wiping her eyes on her night-gown.

"To-morrow," said Aunt Esther, "is your mother's birthday, and the very best present you can make her is, to promise to try for the whole

year never once to make her dear heart ache. Will you do this for her?"

"We will, auntie," said both the little girls; and then they all kneeled down together and prayed God to help them keep the promise, and make them gentle and loving little children.

The next morning, as soon as their mother was dressed, Jenny and Katy went into her room with each of them a tiny bunch of rose-buds for mother to wear on her birthday. She put one in her hair and the other on her bosom.

"We've got another present for you," said Katy. "Stoop down your head so I can whisper to you about it."

Their mother bent down her head, and Katy whispered in her ear, "We are going to try all the year to make you happy, and never make your heart ache once."

"Why, then this will be the happiest birthday of all my life," said their mother; and she kissed her children over and over again.

"Auntie," said Jenny, as she met her aunt in the breakfast-room, "did any body tell you about our pincushion?"

"No," said Aunt Esther; "what made you think so?"

"O, nothing," said Jenny; "only I thought you must have known."

JULIA DE GONZAGO.

BY THOMAS CARTER.

ONE of the most beautiful women of her age, Julia de Gonzago, was no less distinguished for her powers of conversation and her talents, than for her personal attractions. Born and educated in almost regal splendor, beneath the sunny sky of Italy, she promised to herself long years of unmixed pleasure. At an early age she married Vespasiano Colonna, Duke of Trajetto, but was left a widow in 1528, while yet young. The French historians of the age tell us that her love to her former husband was so great that nothing could induce her to marry again. The princes of Italy sought her hand in vain. *Non moritura* she had adopted as her motto, to show that her first attachment should never die.

Various eras of the world have produced women eminent for their piety and devotion to God. In the days of our Methodist fathers were Mrs. Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, Ann Cutler. Such women have appeared in all nations where the Gospel has gained much ground; and in the time when Luther's voice was heard in Germany, such women appeared in Italy. Julia de Gonzago became one of them. She dedicated her beauty, her wealth, her accomplishments, to Christ, and

became a humble Christian. In all probability this was why she never would marry again. She had taken the Savior to her heart so fully as to leave little room for the promotion of new earthly attachments. Her good deeds, in connection with her rare beauty, were celebrated in the songs of the poets of her day. Her fortune, her influence, her time, were employed in spreading the Gospel among her Italian countrymen. Thank God, Italy now promises to reap the reward of such efforts, after long nights of suffering and spiritual death!

So great was the fame of her personal appearance, that in 1534 it reached Solyman II, the Turkish sovereign. He sent Barbarossa, his admiral, to carry her off and bring her forcibly to his dominions. It would be a fine prize, in a Turkish harem—such a woman as Julia. The admiral sailed for Italy, and landing secretly, approached her palace. He chose the night because the darkness would conceal his soldiers. He gave orders for an assault, and the place was soon taken. Now to get off safely with his prize. He inquired for her chamber. Hastening to it, great was his disappointment to find that the bird had flown. Julia, hearing the noise of the assault, had succeeded in getting out, and was safely hidden in the mountains, where she remained till the Moslem troops had retired.

This faithful woman continued to labor for Christ and for souls, year after year, through many persecutions and trials, a noble example to all who have wealth, position, and influence. Nothing could tempt her back to the joys of earth. She had tasted sweeter, purer pleasures in the fullness of the love of Jesus. Thus she lived, and thus she died, and has gone to reap her reward on high.

SUMMERFIELD'S PREACHING TO CHILDREN.

BY MRS. E. S. THOMAS.

ONE lonely Sabbath morning in the Spring of 1825, it was announced from the pulpit of Light-Street meeting-house that the Rev. Mr. Summerfield would address the children of the congregation at three o'clock in the afternoon at that place. When he reached the church it was so densely crowded ingress was impossible. My husband remarked to the minister, who accompanied him, that if they would go to the rear of the church, the window there was low and open, and they could easily lift him in; he did so, and thus gained the pulpit. Through the kaleidoscope of memory I see him now bowed in mental prayer; on rising, he cast his eyes over the assembly;

they rested on the children, and instantly his countenance was radiant with smiles, and beamed with love and benevolence. Anon, a sad expression flitted across his brow, as though in a moment of time the trials and temptations that would beset their pathway in their weary pilgrimage in life, the fierce battles they would wage with the enemy of souls in their contact with the world, were before him; perchance, they brought to mind his own trials and besetments ere he gained the victory, and aroused his sympathy for them.

In childlike and simple language he spoke to them in this wise: "My dear children, I am glad to see so many of you here to listen to me while I talk to you of your Heavenly Father; would that I could tell you how much he loves you—that he gave his only Son, his well-beloved Son, to the dreadful death of the cross." But I will not attempt, at this distant period, to give a synopsis of the discourse. His closing remarks I do remember; they are indelibly impressed on my mind, inasmuch as I oftentimes had cause to recall them to the recollection of my children, when wayward or disobedient. Holding the open Bible over the pulpit, he said: "My children, this is the letter your Heavenly Father sends you; in this he tells you you must love and obey your parents, love your brothers and sisters, be kind to your playmates, and love Him with all your heart, mind, and strength; that when he sends the good angel for you, he will take you to the paradise of heaven, where you will never be sick, hungry, or cold, but always happy. Will you promise, children, to mind his letter, and try and do all he tells you?" He paused, and then said, "I am waiting for your answer." There was a simultaneous "I will," uttered by the innocent ones. He raised his thin white hands toward heaven, and with his brow so pale and his light hair flowing on his shoulders, looking the very personification of spirituality, prayed that their God and Father, by his grace and mercy, would enable them to keep this their promise, made on this lovely Sabbath afternoon; then, with a blessing, he dismissed them.

If any of my readers have been so happy as to have seen and heard him, they will agree with me, that neither pen nor word are adequate to describe his appearance and manner; it was not of earth, earthy, but heavenly—angel-like.

I esteem my intercourse with him as one of the brightest oases in my long and checkered life; for who that has reached threescore and ten has not seen changes and reverses? But, I thank God, my last days are my best, for in them he has given me a knowledge of Himself, which I had not when in possession of worldly goods.

The last time I saw and conversed with this

good man, was the morning he left Baltimore. My young daughter was going to visit her father's relations in Massachusetts, and to remain there at school; her passage was taken in a vessel bound for New York, and on going aboard with her, we found Mr. Summerfield and his sister there. I said to him: "My daughter is to make one of your number." He put his hand affectionately on her head and said: "My little one, so we are to be fellow-passengers. I hope before we separate we shall be better acquainted, and good friends." She wrote me afterward that he was so kind and good to her, she was very sorry when they parted; he told her many pretty stories, and gave her a book which she has now, and treasures as a miser his gold, as it has her name in it written by his hand.

I saw him not again; shortly after this he was to sail for Europe, but he was not permitted to return to his native land; the Omniscient stretched out his arm, and laid his hand upon him. New York is his resting-place, but if the pure in heart are made perfect in heaven, and their spirits permitted to visit earth, then is his hovering over the Church that was the means of bringing him out of nature's darkness into the marvelous light of the Gospel.

DEAD AND BURIED, I KNOW NOT HOW.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

THERE are hearts that are glad, but mine is sad,
And I'm half inclined to weep,
For the life of a noble friend burned out
Last night while we were asleep.

He was hale and hearty at early eve,
And his tread was strong and free;
But at ten I deemed that his breath grew faint,
And his pulse beat heavily.

So winding my hands in his flowing robe,
I sat me down with a sigh,
And thought—for I felt in my heart that a friend
Whom I loved was about to die—

I will watch the strokes of his ebbing pulse,
And bend for his latest moan;
He has scattered his gifts so manifold
That he shall not die alone.

But the drowsy tick of the old house-clock,
As its lazy pendulum swung,
And the somber gloom, through the dusky room,
By the fitful firelight flung,

Stole over my senses as dreamily
As the mists o'er the mountains creep,
Till my throbbing temples were passively laid
To rest, on the bosom of sleep.

Sweet visions of beauty were broken ere long
By the New-Year's kiss on my brow;
And I wakened to find the Old Year dead
And buried—I know not how.

CALENDAR DAYS.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

LENT had terminated, the Easter holidays have set in; and these days, according to the canons of many of the Churches, are seasons of great festivity. Although many of the ceremonies and observances have "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf," yet many are still celebrated by a large portion of the Christian world. Among the many festivals held by the Greek Church the "Resurrection Festival" is the most prominent. The season of Lent is most strictly observed, but as soon as that is over a regular festival commences. As we have given our readers a sketch of "The Easter Festival" in Volhynia, Poland, we will not enter into a detail of the ceremonies here, but simply state the origin of many of these customs, which we were so happy as to find many years ago described in an old book, which accidentally fell in our way. The question was asked a short time since by a young friend, "Why are eggs eaten at Easter—why are they colored? Every one seems to eat them at Easter as a matter of course; but, although I have asked several persons why eggs are at this time indispensable, nobody has been able to tell me from what the custom has originated."

Our old documents tell us Easter is supposed to be derived from the Saxon *Oster*, to rise, it being the day of the resurrection. Others attempt to trace it from one of the Saxon goddesses, called Easter, whom they always worshiped at this season of the year; or, probably, from the Anglo-Saxon word denoting a *storm*, it being also the season of tempestuous weather. In reference to chronology it has often been marked as a strange event that Passover and Easter should always come together—Thursday week being the first day of the Passover; and, to show the ancient connection between the Jewish and Christian ceremonies, we find the following passage in the mass-book of 1554: "O, God, who art the maker of all flesh, who gave commandments unto Noe and his sons concerning cleane and uncleane beasts, who has permitted mankind to eate cleane four-footed beasts even as eggs and green herbs."

Among the services in hallowing the Paschal Lamb at the Passover, eggs and green herbs are used—the eggs as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt, and the bitter herbs as an emblem of severe labor and hard treatment. The *Paas*, or Easter egg, so generally used in various forms at this season, is of more than ordinary importance. The Egyptians considered

eggs as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. There is certainly in the incubation of the egg a clear shadowing forth of the resurrection of the dead—a living creature, created after the vital principle, has a long while laid dormant and seemingly extinct, and an egg has, therefore, been deemed significant of the resurrection.* Hence their universal use at this season.

The Persians kept the festival of the solar year, which lasted several days, when they mutually presented each other, among other things, with colored eggs. Celebrating festivals with eggs is common to all religious denominations, and must, therefore, have sprung from one common origin. Cracking or picking eggs at Easter was also an oriental sport, originating in Mesopotamia, where the dyeing or coloring of eggs first commenced; and this practice was regularly observed among our Dutch ancestors, and prevails to this day. As eggs were prohibited during Lent and permitted to be eaten at Easter, we thus account for their general use at this period. The Church of Rome ordained, during the time of Paul V, that eggs were first to be blessed before being eaten. The rule runs as follows: "On Easter eve and Easter day all the heads of families send chargers full of hard eggs to the church to get them blessed." Gilding the shells and decorating them with various devices was a general practice in Italy. The Church in old times must have had considerable business on hand besides the duty of praying, for we find in the "Bee-Hive of the Romishe Church" (1579) the following catalogue of penances: "Fasting dayes, years of grace, differences and diversities of days of meates, of clothing, of candles, holy ashes, holy pace eggs, palmes and palmes boughs, staves, fooles heads, shelles and belles, paxes and licking bones, etc." The industry of the people after the Reformation, and the constant occupation of business and labor, left no time for the preservation of many of these Church ceremonies. Belethius, a ritualist of ancient times, says it was customary at Easter for the bishops and Archbishops to play ball with the inferior clergy. Education and toleration have undermined many of these ancient ceremonies.

ALL-FOOLS'-DAY.

The first of April—All-Fools'-Day—who does not know it, from the merry lads and children, who anticipate it as a time of fun and frolic, to the old man, who, as he leans upon his staff, smiles at the expedients of the mischievous urchins to fool each other, and his eye twinkles at the remembrance of his own enjoyment in such pranks when he was a mirth-loving boy?

Few, however, know whence or how the name or custom of "fool-making" originated; therefore, it may not be uninteresting to our readers if we give them some conjectures on the subject, which we have obtained from learned sources, and now use for the benefit of others. One of the writers referred to, speaking of Calendar days, tells us that "antiquarians are divided in opinion as to the origin of this popular festival, which, most probably, received its common English name in burlesque, or ridicule of the All-Saints'-Day of the Roman Catholics. It has been observed throughout Europe for an unknown period of time, and was introduced into this country by the early settlers. One learned rabbi dated its institutions as far back as the Deluge, or nearly twenty-four hundred years before the Christian era. He undertook to prove, and labored assiduously in the attempt, that it arose from Noah's mistake in sending out the dove from the ark before the waters had subsided, which, according to his calculations, took place on the first day of the Hebrew month corresponding to our April. But by the chronological tables we have adopted, this event must have occurred somewhere about the middle of July, between three and four months later."

Another explanation is much more plausible, and has been urged by many writers. It is that the practical jokes peculiar to this holiday were intended to commemorate the insults and mockery to which our blessed Savior was subjected by the Jews in carrying him from one judgment-seat to another. During the middle ages, while ignorance and superstition reigned supreme, the ecclesiastics, as is well known, encouraged the representation of sacred dramas, or scenes from Biblical history, for the amusement and instruction of the common people. According to the Baroness Tautpheus, this practice is still continued in the ruder portions of Germany, and some of the representations are described as being most revolting. The one exhibiting this part of our Lord's suffering was annually brought forward in the latter part of March or in the beginning of April, when it was most appropriate for the solemn services of Lent. Hence it has been supposed that the foolish and absurd custom of sending each other on bootless errands on this day—the only one out of the three hundred and sixty-five on which practical joking is allowed without offense—is in imitation of Pilate sending the Savior to Herod, and Herod sending back to Pilate, and in support of this it is said an expression of "sending a man from Pilate to Herod" is in common use in Germany when any person is induced to go on a bootless errand. The Hindoos have a feast on the 31st of March,

which they call the Huli, and, as the ceremonies bear great resemblance to the merry pranks perpetrated by the school-boys of Europe and America, it is a more probable supposition that the peculiar features of "All-Fools'-Day" were derived from Asia, being brought from thence by the Romans, and introduced into every country where they held their rule.

Practical joking is, universally, by every one considered a silly custom; but on the first of April people are privileged to exercise their wit upon each other without fear of giving offense. Who that hears the first provoking cry of "April fool" in the early morning is not on the alert throughout the whole day lest he may be fooled? Has not many an unsuspecting child been sent after "pigeon's milk" or "blue chalk," and then, being first rated by the shop-keeper for a "tricksy youngster," on returning from his "bootless errand," been met by the cry of "April fool," and awakened to the consciousness of being the subject of a practical joke, and one for which—being on this day considered legitimate—there is no use in getting angry, and the only way of redress is to practice a similar one, if he can, on the perpetrator? We never heard of any one receiving any solid advantage in the way of gifts on "All-Fools'-Day," except it might be Uncle Sam, who, even in the days of high postage, was the richer by many a 'levy or dime as postage on a sheet of blank paper. Many a parcel of bank notes left on the sidewalk deceives the passer-by, who, thinking to have found a prize, picks it up, and, at the same moment that he discovers it to be a bundle of worthless rags, hears a loud laugh from the covert enemy, remembers it is the "first of April," and blushes to find himself sold. Many a silver coin is made to hop along the pavement by means of a string, but, like "Jack o' the Lantern," can never be overtaken by the lucky discoverer. We were once ourselves very near being caught by a trick of this kind. A handsome purse was most adroitly fixed between the bricks of the pavement, and arranged in a position so natural as to deceive any one who, not remembering it was "All-Fools'-Day," should chance to see it. We were among the number, and, thinking to have discovered a prize, were about to put forth a hand to grasp it; but memory fortunately reminded us that it was the day of jokes, our movement was too slight to have attracted observation, so the invisible watchers lost their laugh and we kept our temper. Boys will be seen congregated at the corners of the streets, politely informing ladies and gentlemen who pass of invisible spots of mud upon their dress, or the loss of handkerchiefs which are safe

in their pockets. In France, one who is so unfortunate as to be entrapped in this way—to travel on a fruitless mission, or to stretch forth his hand after the ambulating coin, is called "*un poisson d'avril*," or "an April fish." In Scotland he would be termed "a gawk," which means a simpleton; but here, where we never mince matters, but call every thing by what we believe to be their right names, the deluded one would receive no softer epithet than that of "April fool."

We once heard of a German boy, who, on hearing a cry of "fire! fire!" shouted by a party of boys standing at a corner, followed one of them to the top of a new building which commanded a wide prospect, so that they could see all over the city. His companion deserted him on the way, and waited, full of glee for having thus outwitted him, at the door below, and chuckling at the triumph he should have when the deceived one, having come down from his vain look-out, would be welcomed with the shout of "April fool" from the whole party. He reckoned, however, on this occasion without his host; his companion was too shrewd a boy to suffer himself to be thus outwitted, for as he looked over the wide expanse of houses and chimneys below him, and saw that all was clear and peaceful, the fact of its being the first of April occurred to him. He was sold, but he determined he would not go for nothing. Hurrying down the stairs at a break-neck pace, he nearly tumbled over his waiting enemy, who inquired "what was the matter;" for, alarmed at the whole behavior of the lad, he forgot his joke. "O, a terrible fire; I must run home; it is close in our neighborhood, and your house is in danger!" This was enough; what boy or boys can stand still if there is any chance of their getting to a fire? so they all started off to run, but were arrested by a loud laugh from the wary lad, who called out, "April fool—who are fools now?"

One of the best April-fool stories which we remember to have heard, is told of Rabelais, the celebrated French writer. He happened to be in Marseilles at this season with a poorly-filled purse, and being desirous of getting to Paris free of expense, he filled several vials with brick-dust or ashes, labeled them as containing poison for the royal family, and hid them in a place where he knew they would shortly be discovered. The bait took; he was arrested and conveyed without loss of time to the capital, where he explained the matter satisfactorily to all but those who had been concerned in his apprehension. His friends were greatly amused at his expedient for securing a cheap journey; the captors, however, disappointed at not receiving the expected reward for their prisoner, and chagrined at having to bear the expenses of a bootless travel to Paris, suf-

fered even more in the mortification of being laughed at, and every-where being met with the mocking cry of "April fools."

GATHERING THE MISTLETOE.

In the early days of Christianity, when religion, although very sincere, was strangely mingled with ignorance and superstition, the Druids or priests of the ancient Britons, being regarded as the wisest class of the people, very profound in matters of religion, and living recluse in the heart of woods, had inspired not only the Britons themselves with the greatest veneration, but their austere mode of life struck the Romans with profound admiration; even Cæsar, who hardly admired any thing but ostentatious virtues, was impressed with them to such a degree that he could not but esteem them. The Druids had the entire charge of all matters of religion; held many festival days—most of which have fallen into disuse—each one marked with some peculiar ceremony, of which some relics remain; although why they were instituted, or from what the custom they originated, is lost in the passage of time. Of all the ceremonies which were performed by the Druids, the most solemn was that of gathering the mistletoe, which they regarded as a type of the Divinity, and was always done in the month of December alone, and on the sixth day of the moon. They attached a sacred importance to the number six; therefore, this was a holy time among them, and was the only season in which it dare be plucked. The mistletoe, which the Latins called *Viscum*, is a parasitical plant, and not the legitimate production of the tree to which it adheres; these primitive priests believed it to have been brought down from heaven by the gods for the felicity of mankind. It is not found on the surface of the earth, but grows upon the oak, the apple, the beech, and some other trees; but as superstition entered into all their practices, they had no value for any other kind than that which grows upon the oak, believing, according to Pliny, that God had made a particular choice of this tree to bear that plant. We shall not, in this place, detail the numerous ceremonies used at the time of gathering, but merely state, that believing that the plant had the power of communicating prosperity to all who should partake of it, they held a festival for this purpose on the first day of the year. Having first blessed and consecrated the mistletoe, they distributed it among the people, promising and wishing them a happy new year. The form made use of for that purpose, has been preserved in these words: "*The new year to mistletoe.*" As nothing is more difficult to root out than customs founded on superstition, they have still nearly the same cry in

Picardy. On New-Year's day, instead of the salutation of a happy new year, so common with us, when they wish a plenteous and fruitful season they greet each other with, "*The new year to mistletoe plant.*" In Burgundy and other provinces in France, the children, who have a custom on the first day in the year of asking their New-Year's gift, make use of the same cry. There was even established, in many places, a quest, or a kind of begging on the first day in the year, where they made use of the same phrase—" *The new year to mistletoe*"—in asking people for alms.

CANDLEMAS BLAZE—BELTEIR—LAMMAS—HALLOW-E'EN.

Besides the feast held at the gathering of this Heaven-sent plant, the ancient Druids of Britain celebrated four great festivals in each year, when, among other superstitious ceremonies, they built immense fires on the mountain-tops. The first of these seems to have been held in the beginning of February, and was probably the original of the Scottish "Candlemas Blaze;" the second, called "the Belteir," occurred on or about the first of May, in honor of the sun; the third was what is now termed "Lammas," being observed on the first of August; while the fourth came on Hallow-E'en, at the commencement of November, and is still regarded by our young people as a time of legitimate frolic and glee. The ceremonies peculiar to these quarterly festivals, undoubtedly formed a part of the national religion, as did those of the gathering the mistletoe, but we can discover no account of their institution, nor scarcely any insight into their meaning. Cormac, the Archbishop of Cashel, Ireland, has left it on record, that even in his time the people kept up the old custom of lighting bonfires at the beginning of February, May, August, and November; and we know ourselves that the practice has been observed in Ireland and Wales till within a very recent period, if, indeed, in some of the remote districts it does not still exist.

The feast at Belteir was one of unbounded mirth and gladness; songs and dances were the accompaniments of religious ceremonies. Why should not all rejoice at Belteir, for the festival of Belteir was held in honor of the sun's return from Winter quarters? At Lammas, also, for that too was a day of general thanksgiving, in which all joined in grateful acknowledgment of the bounty of the sun, for the first-fruits of the harvest, which had been nurtured and ripened by his beams? It was at this time that the farmers had their first bread from the new crop, and the first use made of it was in the ceremonies or festivities of the day. This conjecture is confirmed by the obvious derivation of the word Lammas;

it comes, as it is now generally agreed, from the Saxon *Hlaf-masse*, which signified the *loaf-mass*, or the *loaf festival*. The way in which the term became reduced to its present form is readily accounted for. When the initial and final letters of *Hlaf* were dropped, the name was brought to *Lamasse*, which is nearly the present mode of spelling it; and as such alterations have been made by etymologists with nearly every old word in the language, there is little doubt but that the above-named conjecture is correct.

This feast was also called the "Gule of August," and the word Gule is perhaps a corruption of the Celtic *Gul*—a festive anniversary. The priests Latinized this into *gula*, which means a throat, and then invented a story about a young lady, the daughter of the Roman tribune, Quirinus, having been cured of a disorder of the throat by her kissing a relic of the chains from which St. Peter was delivered by the angel which appeared to him in his prison. It is said that these very chains were brought from Jerusalem by the Empress Eudisia, in the year 439, and that she gave one of them to the faithful at Constantinople, but sent the other to Rome. They were considered some of the most precious relics in possession of the Church, and the popes were in the habit of occasionally sending small fragments of iron that had been broken from them, to devout princes as a mark of especial favor. From the resemblance between *gule* and *gula*, the first day of the month was set apart to the memory of St. Peter *ad vincula*, or the Chains of St. Peter. The tenants of lands belonging to the Cathedral at York, England, which is dedicated to this saint, were formerly obliged by their tenure to bring a live lamb into church on the day of his festival, at the time of the celebration of the high mass; and hence, some writers have inferred that the word Lammas is nothing but a corruption of Lamb-mass, the term said to have been applied to that particular portion of the services. It is most probable, however, that the explanation of the *loaf-mass*, already given, is the correct one.

All annual festivals, whether of ancient or more modern institution, held at determined periods, derive their interest as much from the memory of the past, as the enjoyment of the present. Those of ancient times, by perpetuating old customs and observances, form one of the strongest connecting links between living men and those of former ages; and in the life of individuals they also constitute epochs on which memory loves to dwell.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas—the day of gifts and good wishes, with its merry sports and dainty cheer—how wel-

come are its annual festivities to all! The young enjoy it in anticipation; the more aged relish its substantial fare; and under the cheerful influence of its genial pleasures, the current of kindly feeling is quickened; the traces of memory are renewed; the remembrance of festivities enjoyed at the merry Christmas seasons long gone by, become so many accessories to the pleasures of the present. But why dwell upon the enjoyments had at the Christmas festival? They are too well known to all of our readers to need any description; therefore, our reference to the day will merely be illustrative of changes and customs which have been introduced, either in the time or manner of celebrating certain other festivals.

The ancient festival of Yule, which appears to have been originally celebrated at the time of the Winter solstice by all the Gothic nations of Europe, became blended with that of Christmas on their conversion to Christianity. Yule is probably a corruption of the word *Jol*—the great festival of the heathen Danes—a term still applied to Christmas in Scotland—which was solemnized with great festivity. The humor of those savage roysterers at table, displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfaeus tells us a long and curious story, in the history of Hiolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable intrenchment against those who continued the raillery. The dances of those Northern warriors around the great fires of pine-trees, a strong feature in these rude ceremonies, are commemorated by Glaus Magnus, who says they danced with such fury, holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasion, was instantly plucked out and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for "spicing the king's fire."

We might here say a great deal about the frolics held at Christmas time in merry England, but most of our readers are familiar with the customs practiced in our mother country, through the description given by Washington Irving in *Bracebridge Hall*. We will, therefore, only mention the masks and mummers, which, according to Ben Jonson, were the characteristic amusements at Christmas in that early day. Christmas, or, as we would call him, St. Nicholas, and all his attributes, were personified, according to the ideas of the actors, in such garb as suited with their several characters. Christmas was attired in a round hose, long stockings, high-

crowned hat, long white beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him. The names of his children were, first, *Misrule*, dressed like a reveler; his torch-bearer bearing a rope, cheese, and basket. *Carol* wore a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bearer carrying a song book open. *Mince-pie*, like a fine cook's wife, dressed neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons. *Gambol*, like a tumbler, with hoop and bells; his torch-bearer armed with cole-staff, and blinding cloth. *Post and Pair*, with a pair of royal axes in his hat, dressed in a motley garb; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters. *New-Year's Gift* wore a blue coat like a serving man, had an orange and sprig of rosemary on his head, and a collar of ginger-bread round his neck; his torch-bearer carrying a march-pane,* with a bottle of wine on either arm. *Mumming* appeared in a mask, with a variegated dress; his torch-bearer ringing a bell before him. *Wassail*, like a neat seamstress and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl dressed with ribbons and rosemary. *Offering* wore a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand; a withe and a basin were borne before him by his torch-bearer. The mummers used to go about in disguise, bearing the then useless plowshare. These and the Guisards of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries which were the origin of the English drama. It was also a custom in Scotland to personate the characters of the apostles; mostly, however, those of Peter, Paul, or Judas Iscariot, which last carried the bag in which the dole of our neighbor's plum-cake was deposited.

In the gradual progress and improvement which has marked the passage of the last two centuries, these customs have become obsolete; however, the *Yule log* still burns all night on Christmas eve on many a hearth in the North of England as well as in Scotland. Thirty years ago the descendants of the Scotch-Irish in America observed the custom; although the origin of the practice, as an emblem of the sun being about to return to the northward, is no longer heeded or remembered. In London and the Southern parts of England, the Christmas candles are given to children as a glimmering reminiscence of the blaze of the Yule log, and an indication of one of the means by which the Church endeavored to merge the older pagan rite in the more recent Christian solemnity. What is now Christmas eve with us, was, in fact, the last day of the old year with our Gothic ancestors; and it may here be

* March-pane, a kind of sweet bread or biscuit.

remarked, that about the time of the birth of Christ, the Winter solstice, which they celebrated, would be on the 24th or 25th of December, and not on the 21st. The Abbe de la Rue, in his History of Caen, 1820, says that in that city on Christmas eve, the young people ran about the streets with lighted torches crying "Adieu Noel;" although Noel—*Natalis*—the birthday of the Savior, had not yet arrived. This inconsistency he considers to have arisen from the blending of Christmas with the older festival, commemorative of the departure of the old year and commencement of the new, as observed by the Norman founders of the city. Venerable Bede informs us that the Saxons, previous to their conversion to Christianity, commenced their year on the 8th of Calends, of January, that is, at midnight between the 24th and 25th of December. This night was termed, by them, the *maedrenacht*, which means, the mother of all the other nights in the year, the people of Gothic races being accustomed to reckon by nights rather than days. The old farewell to the "mother night" is still preserved in the modern cry, "Adieu Noel." It was also the custom with the Saxons and Norsemen to make presents to their friends on New-Year's day; this is still practiced by their descendants in Europe; and we, as well as our English relatives over the sea, also give Christmas boxes and New-Year's gifts. The Reformation, however, swept away most of these practices, which, as men are always prone to act on extremes, were regarded as abominations of Popery, and relics of pagan superstitions. Christmas has, therefore, been much less strictly observed by Protestants than by Roman Catholics, even where the former have preserved in their ritual a commemoration of the day. In Scotland, where the Kirk has discarded all holidays except the Sabbath, Christmas has become obsolete as a religious festival; while several of the customs originating in the ancient Gothic method of celebrating New-Year are still observed. There are no mince-pies in Edinburgh on Christmas day, but the coming of New-Year is welcomed by what are called "First-foot" visits on New-Year's morning.

We are glad, however, that Christmas day is coming more into favor again in our own happy country, and especially in the cities where, of late, every year it is more and more observed. We rejoice when it comes; for, although we no longer join in its festivities, we hail its return as the signal for happiness to many, and because it carries us back to a period when we too rejoiced in Christmas-trees and the bounties of St. Nicholas. How the "little ones" of the family welcome it! and it must be a cold heart indeed, to which the joy of childhood is not contagious. What parent

does not welcome Christmas morning, when the merry cry of "my Christmas gift," reëchoes through the house, or is whispered through the key-hole? Can the happy smiles of the children be forgotten, when their dancing eyes first light upon their store of gifts? And at night, in families where the Christmas-tree is raised, how they all dance around it, waiting for the moment when the lights shall burn so low that the treasures may be taken from the boughs; when the shouting boys shall receive their drums and whips, and the more quiet delight of the girls over dolls, pin-cushions, and *lots* of candies! And the hanging up of the stocking—ah! the anticipation of what will be found in it keeps many a youngster from sleeping soundly! And to the elders, in families given to holiday observances, Christmas day is not less interesting. On this day of gifts, a practice commemorative of God's great gift to man, how kindly is the custom which gathers the scattered members of the household round one common board! Parents and children, grandparents and their descendants even to great-grandchildren, meet upon this festive day to renew old ties of affection, or lay up new treasures for memory; and such being the case, who is the one to say, "Away with the Christmas festival?" Let there be one day at least, if other festivals in this age of *improvement* should be exploded, which, turning aside from the money-making world, forgetting crops, stocks, return bills, ledgers, etc., we consecrate to family affection and the sacred emotions—let there be one holiday for the heart. We would that there was no dark shadow to the picture of the Christmas day enjoyment; but that is not to be expected here, where man is mortal. There is no scene of bliss altogether bright; each one has its concomitant shadow. Christmas comes sadly to some, for the vacant chair tells of one departed; diminished comforts remind of loss, and, perhaps, bereavement, such as can never be repaired, even should Prosperity once more cheer with her brightest smiles. But blessed be God for the assurance in such cases, that the loved thus removed by death are not lost, but gone before, and that their immortal spirits enjoy a perpetual festival of happiness! for are we not told that they do always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven?

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

We have little to say of festivities belonging to New-Year's day as practiced among ourselves. A good dinner, and, in some places, the gentlemen making a general round of visits to all the families they are acquainted with, where they are treated with viands of various kinds, mark its

progress; and as wine, egg-nog, flip, etc., are considered indispensable on these occasions, the day may be supposed to be concluded by excess. We have already spoken of the ceremonies held by our barbarian ancestors in the early days of Britain and Northern Europe; let us turn to the Flowery kingdom, and consider their observance of it.

The new year in China is ushered in with great pomp. From midnight till dawn of the morning, every body is engaged in sacred rites, or preparations for the solemnities of New-Year's day. Every dwelling is swept and garnished, and the shrines of the household deities are decorated with large porcelain dishes, or vases containing the flowers of the narcissus, as well as fragrant gourds and large citrons. The bulbs of the narcissus are put into vases filled with smooth round pebbles and water, just so long before the time of the festival as to be in bloom exactly at the right moment; and it is a remarkable circumstance that the Chinese characters found on a vase which Rosinelli took from one of the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs, signify, according to Sir John Davis, who is good authority, "The flower opens to the new year."

The 3d of January is celebrated at Paris as the festival of St. Geneveive, the patron-saint of the city; and in England it has been observed, that on this day the ground is either covered with snow or that snow falls. "As the days lengthen so the cold strengthens," is an old proverb; and with a limitation, experience has found it to be true. After the shortest day, which is the 22d of December, the cold generally increases till about the 14th of January, when it remains nearly stationary for about a week, and then begins to decrease, but of course this is not an invariable rule.

The 6th of January is observed as a festival both by the Church of Rome and the Church of England, in commemoration of Epiphany, or manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. As the term "Epiphany" signifies the appearance and rising of a star, as well as the manifestation or showing of a person, it is likely that the name was originally given to this festival in the former sense. Tradition informs us not only of the number of the Magi or wise men who were guided by the star to Bethlehem to worship the infant Savior, but has also furnished us with their names: Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. Their relics, said to have been brought from Milan by the Archbishop Rainold, in 1170, are still shown in the Cathedral of Cologne, where they are designated as those of the "Three Royal Magi or Kings of Cologne," and by many are regarded with the greatest veneration.

NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

O Thou, who dost thy hand uplift
To drop our years down, one by one;
We take with awe Thy latest gift—
The untried year to-night begun.

Unknowing if it be our last,
We take it up with hopes and fears;
For, like a shadow flying past,
Is our brief life of days and years.

But Thou art infinite—sublime—
There are no days and years with Thee!
Thou sittest far above all time,
Throned in Thy own eternity.

Thy vision sweeps the far extent
Of the illimitable spheres;
Thy vast thought keeps the measurement
Of all their separate days and years.

O, what are we, that Thou shouldst note
Our little prayer, our little moan;
When ranks of shining systems float
Like golden dust around Thy throne?

Sometimes we faint with sudden dread
Of being overlooked by Thee;
We are so helpless—so afraid—
So lost amid infinity.

Yet Thy dear Son, the wise, the great,
High throned above the countless spheres,
Once stooped and took our low estate,
And lived our life of days and years;

Laid by the everlasting crown,
And wreathed with thorns his patient head.
O, Love divine! look smiling down!
Our doubts are gone, our fears are dead.

WE MET: A MEMORY.

BY MISS E. ELIZABETH LAY.

We met one glorious Summer night,
When beauty's touch had all things crowned;
God's smile above was more than light,
And earth was music all around.

We spoke of heaven—and heaven was near;
Of truth—we felt its searching power;
Of Christ—the theme to each most dear;
And faith—'t was faith inspired the hour.

We talked of life, its love and pain,
And life seemed holy, love divine:

We sang a solemn, sweet refrain,
The chorus of thy soul and mine.

And Peace her benediction shed,
As falls in prayer the closing strain;
O few, while earth's dim paths we tread,
Will come the hours like that again.

But if so sweet communion be,
Where thought is fettered, joy restrained,
What must it prove when both are free,
And life and love immortal gained?

MADELINE HASCALL'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

TRELLISTON, JUNE 20, 18—.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—Three weary months have passed since you sailed for the Eldorado of the West; weary, notwithstanding the kindest efforts of our friends to beguile the tedium and to amuse me. I have been in a perfect whirl of gayety, till I loathe the very mention of parties and concerts, and dread a fashionable call worse than the toothache. I wrote to you about my tripping on Mrs. Granger's stairs and turning my ankle, but no one supposed it was seriously injured. It did appear to improve at first, but I managed to give it another twist while hunting for matches in the night during a thunder-show-er, and the poor thing gave up at once trying to get well. Is it not strange that none of Mrs. Granger's seven children, who tumble daily down that same stairway, tripped by that same loose carpet rod, ever get hurt? There is something in being used to it, I suppose.

Now, you are not to suppose that I am dangerously invalided; I am only crippled a little awkwardly, and not quite so strong as usual from want of exercise. I know you are wondering how, among all possible places, it happens that I write to you from Trelliston. Well, it is my happy lot to have a physician much wiser than his fellows, and he prescribed a quiet Summer in the country.

"Sent out of the world for a trifling lameness," said mamma; "that is too bad, doctor. Though really, if we can make up a family party to Newport or Saratoga, it will be more endurable."

"Poh! I do n't call that going into the country. I want her to get away from all this rattle-brained excitement. How much quiet would she find at a fashionable resort? She must really try country life if she wants to get strong again."

"There is Cousin Lizzie's," suggested mamma, looking dubiously at me.

"There is Purgatory," was my undutiful response, as a vision of my cousin, sweating and scolding in the kitchen that she scarce ever leaves, rose before me. "A hornet's nest," I explained to the doctor.

"There is Lucien Green's farm in B——, where you called last Summer, Maddie, on your way to Hartford."

"A little brown house without blinds. Two rooms on the floor, one under the eaves. Sun-flowers for shrubbery, and chickens picking crumbs from the kitchen floor. No, I thank you."

"But where *will* you go? You can't go among strangers to be nursed, and I can not leave home to accompany you."

"I have it!" I exclaimed, as a sudden inspiration struck me. "I have it-all planned; all cut and dried. I will go out to Paul's uncle at Trelliston."

"He's a Methodist preacher!" ejaculated my mother in dismay.

"What of that? He is a gentleman, and will not object to my using a prayer-book if I choose. You remember Aunt Lucy, mamma? She was at my wedding, doctor. We all agreed that she was too lovable, too attractive, to be mewed up in a country village. I have never visited them, though Paul has urged me to. I have been so—so busy, you know."

"Busy!" It was the doctor who echoed my words so disdainfully. What a queer man he is! He has not a single idea of the claims of society upon one's time. Well, Trelliston was decided to be the place, and I came out in the afternoon train, mamma promising to send out my trunks on Monday, if I thought it possible to live here.

O, Paul, what a charming place it is! I occupy the room that was yours when you came out here to fish last Summer; the same pretty blue counterpane is on the bed, and the same muslin blinds flutter in the breeze. I never tire of tracing the misty outlines of the distant hills. I find full scope for my imagination in picturing the green dells and shady nooks, that should exist among those lofty heights if there is any truth in poetry. Nearer, there are pleasant orchards and cozy homes nestled here and there among the trees; and nearer still, the lazy Connecticut threads its way down the valley, waking up in its progress till, just as it turns the curve where it is lost to us, it sparkles and foams like a wreath of silver flowers and rubies.

Ah, Paul! the good folks at home little know me if they think I shall ever tire of this beautiful place. Uncle Thaddeus laughs at my enthusiasm, and hints that the chief charm for me is the novelty; but we shall see.

I have formed no acquaintance outside of the parsonage yet. My lameness has kept me from rambling out of doors. Uncle Thaddeus has contrived a wheeled chair in which I visit the garden. I like it very much, and as Uncle is often busy when I would like to be out, I have had Nero brought out here, and the huge Newfoundland draws me up and down the walks by the hour. This performance attracts more attention than is quite agreeable. A neighboring house overlooks our garden, and the windows are never without observers. Whether I trim rose-bushes, or pull lettuce, or help Uncle weed the

beet and onion beds, I am sure of being under strict supervision. Nero quite resents their freedom, and never fails to give a short yelp whenever we approach the house in question. He seems to enjoy our odd exercise, wags his tail with delight if I but mention the wheeled chair, and will, I think, regret my improving health if it permits me to dispense with his affectionate services. I hear Aunt Lucy's tea-bell, so I must put away this letter till to-morrow, for I have already found out what is meant by a country appetite.

June 21. It is a glorious morning—too charming to be spent in writing prosy letters, but I know you will not excuse me. Do you know it does me a world of good to surprise uncle and aunt into a hearty laugh? Why did you never tell me that they were perfect patterns of all that is good and proper? Very conscientious and a little prim in manner too, as people who have no children to overset the table and fall into the wash-tub are sure to be. A little careworn they look, a shade too grave for my notions of comfort, but it is only the result of their active goodness. How can persons who are constantly shouldering other folks' cares and perplexities, be expected to be mirthful?

But they are not without an innate perception of fun, and my unfortunate blunders over every thing not familiar, and earnest speeches thereupon, are to them very mirth provocation. I like them the better the more they laugh at me. There is nothing like a real out-gushing burst of merriment for banishing restraint and discomfort generally. How soon a formal, stiff-backed, and weather-bound company are set at ease by a hearty laugh! Not a simpering giggle or a French boarding-school smile, but a rousing guffaw that brings the neighbors to their windows to listen. I never know persons till I hear them laugh.

Aunt Lucy says that a family who live opposite us will be scandalized if they hear songs sung in a parsonage. I do not know them by sight, for they seldom appear in the front part of the house. It is an old-fashioned, brown, two-story house, with very narrow windows and very blue curtains. "The Ogre's Castle," I have christened it. There are no blinds to the house, and no shrubbery except a solitary lilac bush. They don't believe in cultivating flowers, and think it a sinful waste of time to plant shrubbery. They bought the old house and moved into it a year ago, being obliged, by an uncomfortably scant income, to leave the city, where they had previously flourished. They brought with them a thorough contempt for every thing peculiar to country life, and such exemplary opinions in regard to the duties of religion, that all the neigh-

bors appear to be awed by them. There are three sisters and an old gentleman, who seems to be a nonentity, from which I judge that he is their father.

Among the many virtuous departments in which they are shining lights, is the department of sobriety. Miss Martha, the eldest, says that Christians do n't laugh. She says that we have no account of Jesus Christ laughing, though we are told that he wept. She might say the same of nearly all the Scripture characters, and what would it prove? I do n't remember an inspired account of any body's sneezing, except the little child that Elisha raised from the dead, but we do n't abstain from all sternutatory exercise on that score.

"My dear," said Aunt Lucy, to whom I had uttered a tirade on the subject much more extended than this that I have written; "my dear Madeline, we must have charity toward those who think and feel differently from ourselves. People surely have a right to be sober if they choose."

"But no right to be sour and morose. As if God did n't make flowers and sunshine as really as he made mud, and clouds, and bugs! As if he did n't give us the faculty of laughter on purpose to brighten up this dull world, and to make its inevitable crosses easier to bear! Talk of charity! Why, aunt, I am *always* charitable; but I do detest croaking, carping, censorious people, like those over the way."

"Very charitable, indeed!" laughed Aunt Lucy. "I think we must call on them as soon as you can walk easily."

"Last night, Aunt Lucy, after I went up to my room, I sat down in the dark to enjoy the cool air at the window, and I heard a lady in the opposite house ask where that awkward country hoyden came from who was staying at the parsonage."

"Is that the secret of your warmth, Maddie?"

"Not wholly. At least, I do n't care what they think of me."

"Did you hear the answer?"

"No. But one of those inquisitive Browns, who live at the foot of our garden, came out of the house in a few moments, and no doubt Miss Martha's pretty question was answered in detail."

"Nothing unkind was said of you by either of the Browns, I am sure of that, dear." Aunt Lucy answered very gravely, and then began to talk about the honeysuckle that covers the south window of the parlor.

"Aunt Lucy!"

"Well, dear?"

"There is something you want to say to me.

I can see it in your face. You think I need a good scolding. Let us have it. Make a clean breast of it, auntie; I like a lecture that has a pinch to it."

"My dear child, I was only wishing that you were less outspoken and free with your opinions. You can not judge of these people correctly till you know them, and it is the good traits of a person that develop on acquaintance."

"And the bad ones, aunt?"

"Must be overlooked and forgiven for the sake of the good."

"But when the bad predominate and quite shut out the good?"

"Then, Madeline, we can, at least, observe them silently. We gain nothing by publishing another's frailty. And, I think, my dear, that with the assistance of God's grace, it is not difficult to feel kindly toward people who are not agreeable to us. Let us seek help from above, and pity those who are less fortunately constituted than ourselves."

I can see you, Paul, as you nod assent to Aunt Lucy's precepts. Well, there is nobody to blame but yourself. Am I not left to manage for myself just when I most need a wise husband's restraining authority? I promised auntie to try to profit by her kind counsel, and begged her to apply the screws wherever I need them; but I shall give you no promise except the one you exacted before leaving home, that I should give in my letters an unvarnished history of all my proceedings, hopes, wishes, and pleasures. I suppose nothing ever happens in these quiet regions, so I shall have little to write. There comes aunt with a letter for me. From California, I know. So I am only too glad to say good-by to you.

Affectionately,

MADLINE.

ANONIO PALEARI AND HIS MARTYRDOM.

BY REV. D. F. RAWLINS, A. M.

ANTONIO DALLA PAGLIA was born about the year 1500, A. D., at Veroli, in Italy. He more generally called himself Aonio Paleari. He was born—not merely to live and die. In his day and country he was destined to be a hero of the olden type, who, *through faith*, wrought wonders, and out of weakness was made strong. True, he was not to escape persecution or the martyr's fate. Yet as a great spirit, possessing a full comprehension of the truth, with a corresponding sense of responsibility, he was to be marked as one out of the ten thousands of Italy who would not submit to its perversion.

His education was conducted by eminent masters, and he soon attained the rank of an accomplished scholar. He enjoyed the friendship of the most learned men of his age and country; among whom may be mentioned Cardinals Sadolet and Pole—men whose religious views were supposed to be far removed from intolercancy, and whose society and friendship were the more appreciated as they were supposed to be favorable to the Reformation.

After a long residence at Rome, Paleari removed to Sienna, where he married and was possessed of two sons and two daughters. Here, by the Senate, he was appointed public teacher of Greek and Latin; lecturing occasionally on philosophy and belles-lettres. But his course was not that usually pursued. He was impressed from heaven; his associates were not. The far future loomed up before him, and he felt that he was *responsible* for his instructions. Studying the Scriptures, and the theology of Germany—much better in that day in some respects than now—his instructions were imbued with a spirit very different from that of his colleagues; this gratified his pupils, but provoked the anger of the authorities. His friend Sadolet would remind him of the danger to which he was exposing himself, advise him to concede more to the spirit of the times, and speak more cautiously. He received his advice, but carefully laid it aside, and lecture after lecture set forth his opinions with the greatest freedom. The authorities now sought by every stratagem to fasten upon him the crime of heresy.

The ground of opposition against him is set forth in one of his letters: "Cotta asserts that if I am allowed to live, there will not be a vestige of religion left in the city. Why? Because, being asked one day what was the first ground on which men should rest their salvation, I replied 'Christ!' being asked what was the second, I replied 'Christ!' and being asked what was the third, I still replied 'Christ!'"

In the year 1543 he published a treatise on "The Benefit of Christ's Death." The charges preferred against him became centered in this treatise. It was popular, and being in the Italian language, it was generally sought after. But its vast reputation only increased the virulence of his enemies. Cotta, above-named, became a vigilant and deadly foe. Three hundred became leagued with him to destroy Paleari. Twelve of them were to bear witness against him, and thereby insure his condemnation. His defense before the Senate of Sienna was truly sublime, and for the moment it quelled every feeling against him. "There are some," said he, "so censorious as to be displeased when we give the highest praise

to the author and God of our salvation, Christ, the KING of all nations and people. For writing in the Tuscan language to show what great benefits accrue to mankind from his death, a criminal accusation has been made against me. Is it possible to utter or conceive any thing more shameful? I said that since He in whom divinity resided has poured out his life's blood so lovingly for our salvation, we ought not to doubt the good will of Heaven, but may promise ourselves the greatest tranquillity and peace. I affirmed, agreeably to the most unquestionable monuments of antiquity, that those who turn with their souls to Christ crucified, commit themselves to him by faith, acquiesce in the promises, and cleave with assured faith to Him who can not deceive, are delivered from all evil, and enjoy a full pardon of all their sins. These things appeared so grievous, so detestable, so execrable to the twelve—I can not call them men, but inhuman beasts—that they judged that the author should be committed to the flames. If I must undergo this punishment for the aforesaid testimony—for I deem it a testimony rather than a libel—then, Senators, nothing more happy can befall me. In such times as these, I do not think a Christian ought to die in his bed. To be accused, to be dragged to prison, to be scourged, to be hung up by the neck, to be sewed up in a sack, to be exposed to wild beasts, is little; let me be roasted before a fire, provided only the truth be brought to light by such a death."

So powerful an appeal we might expect would produce its effect. The clamor for a time was silenced. Being invited by the Senate of Lucca, he repaired to that city, where he acted as orator of the republic. After remaining here about ten years, but with scarcely a creditable subsistence, and not without being pursued by one of his former enemies, he accepted a more advantageous post from the Senate of Milan. But hither he was pursued. The accusation against the author of the "Benefits of Christ's Death" was directed to be reheard. He was seized and conveyed to Rome. When finally arraigned for trial, the charges against him stood as follows: 1. That he denied purgatory. 2. That he disapproved of the burial of the dead in churches, and preferred the ancient Roman mode of sepulture without the walls of the cities. 3. That he ridiculed the monastic life. 4. and lastly. That he ascribed justification solely to faith in the mercy of God forgiving sins through Jesus Christ. Questioned by the Cardinals, he said:

"Seeing that your eminences have so many credible witnesses against me, it is unnecessary for you to give yourselves or me longer trouble. I am resolved to act according to the advice of

the blessed apostle Peter, when he says, 'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps; who did no evil, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously.' Proceed, then, to give judgment; pronounce sentence on Aonio, and thus gratify his adversaries and fulfill your office."

He was condemned; and for three years a loathsome prison was his home. He was then suspended upon a gibbet, and his dead body committed to the flames; unless, as some suppose, he was burned alive.

The Romanists have carefully endeavored to conceal the fact that Aonio suffered martyrdom at their hands, and have sought to make the impression that he became penitent and died in the communion of the Church. But one of their own number, who draws his materials from the records of the Inquisition itself, thus betrays them: "When it appeared," says Laderchius, "that this son of Belial was obstinate and refractory, and could by no means be recovered from the darkness of error to the light of truth, he was deservedly delivered to the fire, that after suffering its momentary pains here, he might be found in everlasting flames hereafter." This pious and admonitory language favors the idea that he was burnt alive. That he never recanted, is evident from letters he wrote to his family on the morning of his death. To his wife he wrote, as follows:

MY DEAREST WIFE.—I would not that you should receive sorrow from my pleasure, nor ill from my good. The hour is now come when I must pass from this life to my Lord, and Father, and God. I depart as joyfully as if I were going to the nuptials of the Son of the great King, which I have always prayed my Lord to grant me through his goodness and infinite mercy. Wherefore, my dearest wife, comfort yourself with the will of God and with my resignation; and attend to the desponding family which still survives, training them up, and preserving them in the fear of God, and being to them both father and mother. I am now an old man of seventy years, and useless. Our children must provide for themselves by their virtue and industry, and lead an honorable life. God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with your spirit!

Thy husband,
AONIO PALEARI.
Rome, July 3, 1570.

To his children he writes:

LAMPRIDIO AND FERDO—BELOVED CHILDREN.—These, my very courteous lords, do not abate in their kindness to me even in this extremity, and give me permission to write to you. It pleases God to call me to himself by this means, which may appear to you harsh and painful; but if you regard it properly, as

happening with my full resignation and pleasure, you will acquiesce in the will of God, as you have hitherto done. Virtue and industry I leave you for a patrimony, along with the little property you already possess. I do not leave you in debt. Many are always asking when they ought to give. You were freed more than eighteen years ago; you are not bound for my debts! If you are called upon to discharge them, have recourse to his excellency the duke, who will not see you wronged. I have requested from Luca Pridio an account of what is due to me, and what I am owing. With the dowry of your mother, bring up your little sister as God shall give you grace. Salute Aspasia and sister Aonilla, my beloved daughters in the Lord. My hour approaches. The Spirit of God console and preserve you in his grace!

Your father,
Rome, July 3, 1570.

AONIO PALEARI.

Such was the profession, the life, the death of a noble soldier of Jesus Christ two hundred and ninety years ago. How glorious his eternal rest!

That he was not weak-minded, the positions he occupied, his noble defenses, his literary labors, all attest. Many of his productions are extant. In his lifetime he published four volumes of epistles, a volume of orations, and three books in verse on the Immortality of the Soul. None, however, were like his "Benefit of the Death of Christ." A fellow-countryman and cotemporary says of it: "Many are of opinion that there is scarcely a book of this age, or at least in the Italian language, so sweet, so pious, so simple, and so well fitted to instruct the ignorant and weak, especially in the doctrine of justification." Forty thousand copies were sold in six years. It spread by translations into other languages and nations, but it was distasteful to Romish authorities, and soon strenuous attempts were made to suppress it. Thomas Babington Macaulay, reviewing the religious history of those times, says of this book: "One book in particular, entitled the 'Benefit of Christ's Death,' had this fate. It was written in Tuscan, was many times reprinted, and was eagerly read in every part of Italy. But the inquisitors detected in it the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith alone. They proscribed it; and it is now as utterly lost as the *Second Decade of Livy*."

Reader, that book has not been entirely lost. It *was*, apparently, when Macaulay wrote. By a singular providence it has come to light. Dr. M'Crie, in his "History of the Reformation in Italy," showed that there had been an English version of the work as late as 1577. This English copy, after protracted search, was found by Rev. John Ayer, M. A., a few years since, and now it is finding a new circulation both in Europe and America as a valuable relic of the times of the Reformation. It may be that this little book shall become a striking comment upon that Scrip-

ture which enjoins us to "cast our bread upon the waters," with the assurance that it shall be gathered after many days.

After nearly three centuries, the very land in which Paleari was martyred for teaching the "Benefits of Christ's Death," has itself struggled successfully for religious freedom; and now Paleari may return to them again, as a missionary, through this little volume, and preach to them what they most of all need to know, and which alone will preserve them from the paganized ecclesiasticism of which they have been a prey for centuries—"the Benefits of Christ's Death."*



GLIMPSES OF IMMORTALITY FROM THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

EDITORIAL.

THE great minds of all ages have been profoundly occupied with the problem of the nature and destination of man. The soul has been interrogated, analyzed, studied, to ascertain what indications it might give of its ultimate destiny. The field, it is true, has, as yet, been only partially explored; yet the results are of the most gratifying character. Our limited space will allow us to do nothing more than to touch the headlands of the subject, to indicate the line of argument, and give a summation of results.

The question is—what is the destiny demanded for the human soul by its capacities and intuitions?

There are two ways in which we may learn the ends or objects of a piece of mechanism. 1. By direct communication from its author, or from some person competent to inform us. 2. By an examination of its nature and adaptations. By one or the other of these methods, or by both conjoined, must the objects of human existence be determined.

The man who denies the personal existence of God, or rejects the inspiration of the Bible, discards the first of these two methods, and must rely solely upon the second. With him, then, it becomes a question of transcendent importance what the man's organization—what the soul's capacities and intuitions indicate. It is his only method of solving the great problem of human destiny. Let us, then, take the objector upon his own ground, and see whether there are not in

* "The Benefit of Christ's Death." This little, but most valuable work has been republished by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and from it the above paper has been compiled.

the very constitution of the human soul indications of its exalted destiny that should overwhelm the skeptic with shame. Let us feel our way along into the subject by taking an illustration at hand. Suppose that, without any previous knowledge of the instrument on our part, a watch was, for the first time, put into our hands, and we were told to study its ends or uses—no intimation of the design of its author being given to us. What should we do? How would we proceed? Evidently we would examine its parts, and how those parts were related. In the main-spring we find the origin of motion. This we find to be communicated by a succession of nicely-adjusted parts—the chain, wheels, cogs, and hair-spring—to the hands, which are thus made to pass over equal spaces on the dial-plate in equal times. Here we arrive at the ultimate design of the author—the legitimate use of the mechanism. It was designed to *keep time*. To say that it was designed for the production of music—that it is a *music box*—would be absurd. It has no adaptation to this end. While it can keep time, it can not make music.

But now another question arises. The watch has run down. The main-spring is all unwound, and the watch has stopped. It can go no more. We are ready to throw it away. But, stop! let us reexamine the matter. Can this exquisite mechanism have no higher end than to run only twenty-four hours and then stop forever? If so, why is its workmanship so exquisite? Why such costly, difficult, and enduring material? Here may be skill but not wisdom. Then I discover the key and its adaptation for winding up the machinery. Now, the whole matter flashes on my mind. I see the wisdom of the design, the beauty of the execution, and the wondrous nature of the whole contrivance.

It is safe to apply the above principle to the divine as well as human mechanism. Or, if the skeptic denies to us the use of the word *divine*, we will accommodate him by using the term mechanism of nature. Now, no fact is more absolutely or clearly undeniable than that nature never organizes, never constructs, either in the vegetable or animal world; without specific uses or ends. There are no functions in nature without the results they indicate being possible.

The very existence of pollen in the flower is sure evidence that nature designed that such flower should multiply and spread. The flower on the grape-vine is the herald of the coming fruit. The production of *fruit* is the obvious design, and the functions of the vine are adapted to that end. Now, suppose in the very organization of the vine there was some constitutional defect, so that its sap must necessarily fail, leaving the fruit at a

certain stage of advancement to rot and fall off, instead of ripening. Such a phenomenon would be contrary to all the analogies of nature. We find nothing like it in the whole range of vegetable life. External causes may thwart the obvious designs of nature and prevent their realization; but this is the failure of the *individual*. The possibility of realization still remains so far as the race is concerned. Still further; these indications of ultimate design, revealed in even the early stages of development in nature's works, are true. They may be misunderstood, misinterpreted by the rash or careless observer, but they never lie.

We come to the animal creation. I see the fins of the fish developing, and I know it is because the fish is designed to swim in water. Now, suppose there was no water in the universe, and that I knew such to be the fact; would I not be filled with astonishment? Would I not wonder how such a thing could be? It is said that the young turtle, hatched out upon the hot sand, following its native instincts, will run in a straight line for the water, that it may enter into its natural element. Now, suppose you should find the turtle endowed with this native instinct, while yet there was no water; would you not say that here was a lack of correspondencies in nature? Suppose you should see birds endowed with wings, while yet there was no air in which they might fly; would it not surprise you? Or, again, suppose man was created so as to hunger and to thirst as now, while the only solid placed within his reach was a stone, and the only fluid, molten lava; would it not be mockery? But would it be any more mockery, than for him to be created with an inextinguishable desire of continued being, and with capabilities of continued growth and expansion, while yet there was no hereafter? Nay, the very fact that the fins grow upon the fish, demonstrates to me that water is his element, and that there is water somewhere, though I may have never seen it. The very fact that the bird is armed with wings for its flight, demonstrates the existence of air, though I may never have felt it. Nay, further, the very fact that I hunger, demonstrates that there is food; the very fact that I thirst, demonstrates that there is water; that I have lungs, demonstrates that there is air; and that I have eyes, demonstrates that there must be light!

We have now enunciated the principle—the basis of the argument. Is there one who is not compelled to admit it? one who can doubt it? If so, you strike at the foundations of all belief. You have come to the condition of that universal skeptic who said, that the only certain proposition in the universe was, that *nothing is certain*.

But, on the other hand, if you admit the proposition, you must admit it in its application to man as well as to every other creature. Take him as he exists—in his complex nature—his union of mind with matter, of body with spirit; must not this being have some object, some aim, worthy of his complicated structure?

In this examination we may not stop with man's physical nature; for the human body, though "curiously and wonderfully made," is only the artificial frame-work—the material covering—which is thrown around the human soul. As you would not learn the ends and uses of the watch by examining the case, so may we not learn the capabilities and destinies of the intellectual and spiritual nature, from the material habiliments in which we find it clothed. These are put on for a day. But in the higher elements of a man's life, we are to study the indications of that destiny denied to him by infidelity.

Having thus, in the briefest manner, given the outline of the argument, we must note its application to the human race, and the intimations it gives of the soul's destiny. We will, however, at the outset, indicate that result. It may be thus expressed: *The intuitions and capacities of the human soul demand for man a future and unending life.* Let us notice a few of those indications.

If there is no future life, then is there no use for intellect or spirit at all. Instinct would have answered all the conditions of the present life. Look at the brute creation. What gift of intelligence do they need which instinct does not supply? Guided by its unerring impulse they select each his appropriate element, his climate, his food, erects his habitation, lays in his stores for Winter, and performs all other functions necessary to preserve life and secure happiness. Would the bee construct its cell with greater exactness if it had intellect and had acquired a knowledge of mathematics; or would it make better honey, if, endowed with intellect, it had studied the science of chemistry? Suppose the swallow had intellect, and had studied the changes of the seasons and the geography of the earth; could she fix the time of her migrations more accurately, or select the place whither she would go, to better advantage? Suppose the eagle had intellect, and had studied the nature of the atmosphere and the currents of the winds; could he wing a bolder or loftier flight toward the heavens? Suppose the nightingale had intellect, and had been schooled in the science of music; could she pour forth richer or sweeter melodies upon the evening air?

In fact—who can deny it?—in relation to this

life, the instinct of animals not unfrequently surpasses the intellect of man.

The endowment of higher powers, then, is the pledge of a higher and grander destiny. Instinct relates only to the present life; intellect relates to the illimitable and boundless future. Its very endowment, then, is an intimation—a glimpse of immortality.

The capacity of the soul for unending progress in knowledge is inexplicable, if there is no future life in reference to which the soul has been thus endowed. There is nothing more remarkable in the intellectual history of the race than this one fact, that every attainment of intellect is but the stepping-stone to something higher—something beyond. The discipline attained is only preparatory to a higher discipline to be attained. The knowledge acquired is only seed for a new and larger harvest of knowledge.

Take even the most favorable examples of human nature—the intellect of Newton or of Bacon! They had surveyed all the fields of human learning and acquired unwonted intellectual power, but was there nothing beyond? Had they attained the utmost limit of which their minds were capable? You shall hear the confessions of one of these great men as they fell from his own lips. Says the immortal Newton, "I know not what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me." If these are the confessions of the greatest intellect that ever lived; if he only trod on the shore of the boundless ocean of truth, what is the lesson taught us? Is it not that the present life is the embryo condition of the intellect, and that its real life is in the future state? But if there be no future state in which these faculties may expand to their full maturity; if the vast ocean of truth is never to be surveyed or even crossed; if the unfathomed mines of truth are never to be explored, why these endowments, why this desire of knowledge, why this capability of unending progress? Has God endowed man with such transcendent powers, but allotted no time and no sphere for their development? Then did his skill forsake him in the noblest part of all his works.

The intuitive apprehension of a future life is pregnant with meaning. Nothing is more certain than that the expectation of a future life is an intuitive apprehension of the race. Even among the tribes that have ranked lowest and where midnight barbarism has brooded for ages, there still remain some dim, glimmering expectations

of a future. This instinctive apprehension of the race has always affirmed that this brief life is *not all*—that there is something beyond! You see it in the theories of their philosophers, in the songs of their poets, and in the intimations that lurk amid the forms of their art. Its prophecies are graven on the pyramids. Its symbols confront us among the broken images and pillars exhumed from the ruins of ancient Nineveh. In India and China, in Japan and in Borneo, all over the vast Archipelago of the Pacific, and among all the swarthy tribes of Africa we find intimations that humanity is waiting and looking for something beyond.* Even the wild and wandering Indian of the forest is not without his glimpses of immortality.

"For simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill a humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

This, then, has been the instinctive sentiment of the human soul in all the ages that are past. "It does not proceed," to use the language of Cicero—"this conviction does not proceed from the conversation of men, or the agreement of philosophers. It is not an opinion established by institutions or by laws. But, no doubt, in every case, the consent of all nations"—and he might have added, all people—"is to be looked upon as a *law of nature*."

What, then, is the result reached? Why, either that this expectation is founded in truth—that there is another life, or that nature is false, and is so constituted as to deceive us. If this be so, then is nature not only false to us, but it is inconsistent with itself. Among all the great variety of natural impulses and instincts implanted in our constitution, there is not one but what has its proper objects, modes, and means of gratification. Do we hunger? Nature has provided food to allay that hunger. Do we thirst? Behold, here is water to drink. Do we find the social element in our constitution? Behold its counterpart—friends and companions. Are we created with an inextinguishable desire for knowledge? Behold the fields spread out before us. Thus, nature is true to herself. She implants no instinct or principle that has not its counterpart of reality.

Now, suppose God had so constituted man that he would hunger and thirst as now, and yet had made no provision for food or for drink. Or, on the other hand, suppose he had made the earth to bring forth luxuriant harvests and delicious fruits,

but had so formed the animal creation that there was no desire to partake of this food, and no capacity to enjoy it. There would be a lack of correspondencies. Nature would be a lie. But we find no such lack any where among the things that are known and understood; and thus are we brought invincibly to the conclusion that there must be another life, as the counterpart of the instinctive expectation implanted in the nature of man.

The desire of continued existence, which nature has implanted in the soul, is another of the elements of our organization, explicable on no other supposition than the reality of a future life. We need not argue the existence of this desire. The line of argument already employed would apply here. But we must guard one or two points. And, first, this quenchless desire of a future life can not be resolved into a mere desire of animal existence. For when fully persuaded of the soul's immortality; when possessed of a full and glorious assurance of immortal bliss in heaven, men are often not only willing, but even rejoice to *die* that they may *live*—to put off this mortal that they may put on immortality.

But why—for what purpose—has this instinctive yearning after another life been implanted within us?

"Whence springs this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?"
"It is the divinity that stirs within us,
Points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

The investing of man with conscience is one of the clearest intimations that his being is not limited by this brief life. It is not for us now to reason upon the fact of a conscience in man. Its existence is as certain as that of the memory, the imagination, or the reason. And yet, if there be no future life, then is there neither right nor wrong, neither virtue nor vice, neither responsibility nor culpability, and neither reward nor punishment. And if so, why have we a conscience, and what is it but a mockery and a cheat?

No amount, or kind, or degree of worldly good is capable of satisfying the aspirations of the soul. The soul's long and vain struggle for gratification in worldly pleasures or worldly achievements, affords a sad demonstration of the truth just recorded. Yet even this struggle is not without its significance. It teaches that the soul was created for higher and holier ends—for a grander destiny! The fact, however, is so patent, so universally acknowledged, and the inference from it so obvious, that we may not enlarge upon it here.

The fact that a dying man never feels his soul

* Constitution of the Human Soul. By Dr. Storrs.

to be dying, but only his body, is another of those pregnant facts, which show how deeply the principle of immortality is implanted in the very constitution of the soul. A man may find himself in the last stages of mortal disease, but he learns this not from any internal consciousness, such as the soul would have if it were actually dying, but from his observation of the condition of his body. I once attended the death-bed of a calm, philosophical Christian man. He lifted up his hands and noted the indications of death. Said he: "I know that my poor body is in a dying state; for years it has been wasting away; its strength is all gone; my extremities are cold; the blood is settled under my finger nails; but my mind is as strong as ever, and has no consciousness of approaching death. Indeed, I can't have any other feeling, than that the soul will continue to live right on just as if the body did not die."

This feeling—this consciousness that the soul is still living right on through the agonies of death, and unaffected by those agonies, is at once the result of the soul's essential immortality and a testimony of it. Said Dr. Maclaine just at the close of his life: "I am daily growing weaker; yet the faculties of my mind are in a better state than they were two months ago. I can now contemplate clearly the grand scene to which I am going. It appears to my mind very magnificent and very awful!" This seems to be a consciousness of living rather than dying.

But a still more striking illustration is found in the life of the learned and celebrated Boerhaave. He said that he had never doubted the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul. But added he, "I have lately had a kind of experimental certainty of the distinction between the body and the soul. Infirmary and disease have overwhelmed all the physical energies; but they have no power to overmaster the soul. It is conscious, active, living as ever." What more impressive evidence can we possibly have of the independent nature of the soul, and that its being is unimpaired by the dying agonies of the body, than this conscious, continued life and strength—unaffected to the very last moment of mortal existence?

One example more. The great and good Dr. Fisk marked this triumph of soul over bodily decay, this indication of the undying—the immortal—in our nature, "Vain human reasoners," he exclaimed, "often tell us that the soul and the body will go down together to the dust. But it is not true. I now feel a strength of soul and an energy of mind which this body, though afflicted and pained, can not impair. The soul has an energy of its own; and so far from my body press-

ing my soul down to the dust, I feel as if my soul had almost power to raise my body upward, and bear it away." Thus does the soul, in the darkest hour of mortal existence, assert, by its consciousness of continuing life, its birthright of immortality.

I can not but agree with the author of the "Footfalls upon the Boundary of Another World," that "death is not the opposite of life, but only the agency by which life changes its phase." "We have nothing to do with the grave. We do not descend to the tomb. It is a cast-off garment, encoffined, to which are paid the rites of sepulture." This accords with the instinctive sentiments of the race.

"Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
Or nature there imposing on her sons,
Has written fables—man was made a lie!"

Finally, take the soul, endowed and equipped as we find it, its capacities and adaptations give the lie to the infidel's assumption that it has no future.

Were we passing along by the wharfs of a great commercial city on our ocean coast, and should we observe an immense structure like that of the mammoth steamship, Great Eastern, while we gazed upon the great bulk and strength of the structure—the force and power of its machinery—the long sweep of its mighty paddles—its sides raised like a wall against the ocean's billows—even though no one should inform us of the destination of the vessel, we should infer that it had some other destination than merely to ply upon the smooth waters of a river or of an inland lake. Its very structure indicates that it is destined to battle the fury of the open sea, and to pass across the mighty ocean from continent to continent. Just so with the human soul. Its structure, its adaptations, its powers, all indicate that it is destined to launch out upon the ocean of eternity, and there, in the vastness of its range, call forth the deep and lasting energies of its character.

I can not more appropriately close the discussion of this question, than by repeating the oft-quoted passage from Mr. Addison, upon the subject—a passage which is equally attractive for its classic beauty and for its forcible argument:

"How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection which he can never pass. In a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, he would be the same thing he is at present. Were a hu-

man soul thus at a stand in her accomplishment, were her faculties to be full-blown and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and traveling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of the Creator and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish in her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

"Man, considered in his present state, seems sent into the world only to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

'Heir urges on his predecessor heir,
Like wave impelling wave.'

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider of animals which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies; but a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences—such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom that shines through all His works in the formation of man, without looking upon this world as the nursery of the next? and believing that the several generations of rational creatures which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterward to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?"

Thus does the very constitution of the human soul combine with the Revelation of God to attest its own immortality. And if immortal, who can comprehend its worth? and what effort can be too great for its salvation?

Allow me to close with the words of inspiration: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

THE reflections on a day well spent, furnish us with joys more pleasing than a thousand triumphs.

Vol. XXI.—15

REAL SCHOLARSHIP.

BY REV. W. E. GOODWIN, A. M.

THE world is full of false ideas concerning the standard of scholarship, and that standard is generally far too low. Many persons would be tolerable scholars were it not for that odious, yet prevalent, sentiment of the poet, namely:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing—
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

A person, however, may drink but sparingly of that fountain, and yet feel that the draught is refreshing and elevating. With too many young ladies and gentlemen, however, the only question is, to graduate, or not to graduate, and once having concluded to obtain an education the student toils long and hard to complete the collegiate curriculum, thinking that the "*ultima thule*" of learning will be reached in the hour the diploma is received. Having finished their labors in the recitation rooms and literary hall, they leave forever the walks of literary life, deeming the parchment they have received a sufficient proof of their scholarship. They foolishly think that they have explored the arcana of wisdom, and that henceforth nothing remains but to tell ignorant people the wonders of science, and the mysteries of a collegiate education. But when these literary jackdaws get among the "*profanum vulgus*" they are speedily stripped of their peacock feathers, and the shame of their literary nakedness is made to appear. Scholastic learning alone will not make the scholar, for he must learn of the present as well as of the past. We live in an age full of activity, knowledge, and educated power, and he who lives not with and for the present is not the genuine scholar. A man may spend his time in reading the Canterbury tales, and may make Chaucer his model; or he may delight to revel in the beauties of Sidney and Spenser, or pore over the *Novum Organum* of Bacon, and yet be an indifferent scholar. It is true that Locke, and Bacon, and Reid, and Stewart, and Hamilton, and a host of others, teach us the operations of the mind, and point us to the inner life, but he who lives in the subjective alone is not the scholar the world demands. However well versed a man may be in the writings of Homer and Virgil; however skillful and correct he may be in the sciences; in a word, however much knowledge he may derive from text-books and colleges, he is not necessarily a scholar. In the world around us there are books not written with a pen or printed on paper, yet none the less interesting or instructive. When we look above us we find a book open in the blue or cloudy sky,

and he who desires to be a real scholar reads attentively the lessons taught by the sun in its grandeur, or the murky clouds in their darkness. Beneath us, Nature's volume is unfolded for our perusal, and the grass, the flower, yea, the very pebble we grind beneath our tread teaches us a lesson most sublime. When we look around us, we see field and forest, rock and river, sand and ocean, plain and mountain, till we exclaim,

"There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower!"

And here the earnest student learns lessons of untold value, and finds "books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." The real scholar is a *live* man, and is not content to sit at the feet of Confucius or Plato, or yet the sages of later generations. He, it is true, delves deep into the mines of hidden knowledge, and extracts great blocks of thought from the quarries of mind, and gathers boulders of learning from the fields of science, yet all this perfects not his education. He must keep up with the present, and if possible read the future in the signs every-where seen. Any bookworm, any Rip Van Winkle, can tell us the ethics of the past, and what wisdom there was in the dark ages, but can he tell us how the world *now* moves on, and what relations nations *now* bear to each other? Can the so-called scholar tell us of the researches of the nineteenth century, the inventions of the present age, and the improvement on the past? Or does he tell us only of Diogenes in his tub, Socrates in his prison, Plato in academic groves, Aristotle in peripatetic schools, or Alexander on the battle-field? Or with all this does he tell us of the Austrian war? Does he understand the laws that govern our republic as well as he understands sidereal laws? Does he enter fully and fervently into the hopes and efforts of the nineteenth century? Does he see through the telescope of scientific faith the good time coming when science shall overthrow error, and erect on every hill, in every valley, and in every grove an altar to sanctified learning? The real scholar does all this, yea, more; he sees the time when the past, present, and future shall be linked together by a chain that shall brighten by use in all ages. In a world of intense strife, where every man must do or die; in a world where the caldron of life is bubbling and boiling, a scholar must be wide awake or become disgraced forever. It will not do to say, "I stood at the head of my class in college; I graduated with honor; or, I carry my diploma." That ticket will pass no one over the railroad of literary life. While our institutions of learning can do much for a student, and while their names are everywhere honored, their seals will but disgrace a man

who goes not forth in educated strength to obey the command of his "*alma mater*." When the honored president says to a student, in the language of the parchment, "*Notum sit quod*," etc., he means, "Never sit down in ease till you know all that can be known," and that injunction should follow the alumnus through every period of his life, and in the hour of dissolution should point him to the land where the tree of knowledge grows and yields perennially.

The genuine scholar, then, is that one who studies before entering college; who studies while there not only his books but his fellow-students, and who studies men and books and things after the days of college life are over. The mind of man being capable of almost infinite improvement, he fails in life's labors who does not expand his intellect in every good and proper way. In the empire of mind there are monarchs who sway an almost absolute scepter over inferior subjects, and such a monarch is that person who studies, and learns, and uses, and withal blesses his fellow-men. The real scholar learns from every thing he smells, or tastes, or hears, or touches, or sees, and the whole world is under contribution to his mind. He stands with the antediluvian world and reads in geological formations the history of the world's creation.

Later yet he traces through science the footsteps of the flood, and sees the marks of universal desolation. Still later he reads in pyramidal history the skill, the enterprise, the wealth and power of nations whose fame has been perpetuated by those massive structures which will hand down their names to remotest generations.

The real student sees the revolutions in the ecclesiastical, as well as in the political world, and he reads with intense interest of idolatrous nations; he sees their mighty conflicts, and coming down almost to our day, he beholds the iconoclasts destroying the deities of the heathen, and the cross every-where erected in, superstitious idolatry. When he looks again he observes Mohammedanism giving way before the truth as it is in Jesus, and the Koran disappearing before the Christian's Bible. Thus the true scholar learns from the living and the dead, and the whole world is his school book conned as completely as his alphabet. He looks to the past for examples, to the present for action, to the future for reward. He lives in the time when man dwelt in the garden,

"Before the serpent entered in,
And over the brows of the tempted
Fastened its fangs of sin."

In a word, he lives in *all* the past, and in the present, and reading nature's volume, full of lessons around, above, beneath; the book of history

unfolding the actions of mankind; the records of all ages, and the book of prophetic inspiration, he becomes all he *can* become on earth, a Christian scholar. Having thus gained the "*ultima thule*" of terrestrial knowledge, and with all his getting having gotten understanding of God by conversion, he stands on the summit of Scientia's mount, while men crown him with unfading laurels. With Newton and Humboldt, and a host of others, he shines a bright particular star in the firmament of letters, while lisping children and hoary-haired sires proclaim his praise over all the earth! Thus, having gained the acme of scholarship, full of honors, full of learning, he graduates from the university of Time, and bearing his diploma with Heaven's own seal upon it, he joyfully enters the fields where knowledge grows indigenous, and hears the acclamations of the alumni there, and the welcome greeting of the President eternal, "Well done, faithful scholar in Time's school, enter now the land where the faculties are unimpaired, where reason is unlimited, and range eternally the plains of beatific knowledge, where you shall see as you are seen, and know even as you are known!" Thus lives, and thus dies the real scholar, and thus is he rewarded. Such a scholarship may we all attain to if we but do our duty.

GOOD GEORGE HERBERT.

BY J. F. HURST.

"A life, that if it were related by a pen like Chrysostom's, there would be no need for his age to look back into times past for examples of prominent piety; for they might all be found in George Herbert."

ISAAC WALTON.

THE busiest tradesman loves occasionally to leave his noisy city home, and unbend himself in some country village beyond the sound of street clatter and railroad whistle. So is it pleasant, in these bustling times of ours, to withdraw for a while from studying the brilliant career of the world's most gifted public men, and indulge in the quiet contemplation of such a village-like scene as we find in George Herbert's history. His name is not associated with any extraordinary sallies of wit, or astounding flights of fancy, or bold strokes of policy. His few works are seldom read, and we would never be reminded that such a man ever lived, were it not for a few of his quaint sayings, that are bandied about in books and newspapers when the world runs dry for more important information. In fact, nearly all we know about him is simply, *George Herbert, Parson and Poet*. In a rustic hamlet you

do not expect to see gay shops or grand equipages; neither in such a life as Herbert's must you stand on tiptoe to be lifted into third-heaven raptures, or be continually asking, What will he do next? Sit still—he is no Garibaldi or Edgar Poe. He will never make you angry either—unless his marrying on three days' sight will do it—and we believe you will love the very ground he walked on after seeing something of his life, his humble works, and fanciful musings.

He was born in Wales, April 3, 1593. He had six brothers and three sisters, of whom his mother used often to say, that she had "Job's number, and Job's distribution, and not deficient in shapes or reason." The name of Herbert alone calls up many noble sons of England; but when we remember that the Herberts were closely connected with the Pembrokes, we find no difficulty in establishing the claims of the embryo parson to gentle blood. His father dying in 1597, the English law of primogeniture transferred the paternal estates and title to Edward Herbert, twelve years the senior of George, and afterward known as Lord Herbert of Cherbury. What different positions they now occupy! One is known to posterity as a man of genius, and yet whose feeble life was spent in doing good to a little parish of poor rustics; while the other is distinguished as the author of the five articles of Natural Religion, and the father of that long-feared brood of English deists. After George had been instructed by a private tutor, and had passed through a preparatory course at Westminster, he matriculated at the age of fifteen in Trinity College, Cambridge. But we do not find him the quiet, unambitious youth that his maturity would seem to indicate, for two years after he had received his Bachelor's Degree, he was elected to the public oratorship of the University. This was a situation of great prominence, and was invariably filled by aspirants to court favor and political honors. Who could believe that honest George Herbert was ever a flatterer? and yet one circumstance convicts him. When egotistic James I wrote his *Basilicon Doron*, he presented a copy to the University. It was Herbert's duty to acknowledge its reception, and in his letter to the royal author, he exalted him above all the kings of the earth; his wisdom was beyond all conception or computation; his learning was without a parallel. Of course James believed the whole of it—as the flattered generally do—and he asked William, Earl of Pembroke, if he knew the author of the letter. The Earl replied that he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but that he loved him more for his learning and virtue than for that he was of his name and family. The King smiled, and asked him leave that he

might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of the University.

Thus much on Herbert as university orator. Now a change takes place in his life, and the political aspirant seems suddenly to have given up his vaulting ambition, and to have fixed his heart upon the solemn duties of the ministry. Though several reasons are given for this sudden revulsion in feeling, we are most disposed to believe old Izaak Walton, his warmest admirer but best biographer. He states, that owing to the death of his powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, together with the death of the King himself a short time subsequently, George Herbert gave up all his court-hopes. It was not long afterward that he determined to take orders. But such a course was very repugnant to some of his distinguished relatives, for, in that day, to be a preacher was equal to resigning all claims to gentility or respectability. Rev. R. A. Willmott says: "We find Sir William Temple speaking of an English and a French book as one written by a *divine*, the other by a *gentleman*; and Lord Shaftesbury remarks that a saint-author least values politeness, and scorns to refine his temper by the standard of good company, or the rule of manners." Thank Heaven, Christianity has played sad havoc with that word *respectability* since George Herbert became a country parson! The church was almost a ruin when the young pastor went to Leighton, but he devoted a large share of his humble means to its improvement. We can judge of his success when we hear Walton say of its subsequent condition, "For the decency and beauty I am assured it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords."

Herbert was at Leighton about two years, during which time his mother died, and his health became too feeble to allow him to continue his pastoral labors. After a year's rest and retirement, his health grew better. It was at this time that he met Jane Danvers, a relative of Lord Danbury. They had become acquainted through mutual friends, and were married in three days after they first saw each other's faces. As to how they afterward lived, hear the sweet-spirited angler again: "The Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires."

His retirement having proved beneficial to his health, Herbert was installed rector of Bemerton a few months after his marriage. It is in this field of labor that we are most struck with his

holy ardor and childlike simplicity. What a change have a few years made in the youthful aspirant to political honors! A thorough one is it, too; and no points of resemblance can you discover between the ambitious fellow of Trinity College and the humble pastor of a village chapel, forty-five by eighteen feet in dimensions. Though the fire of ambition had burned out, and the hearth-stone had grown as cold as a Greenland ice-floe, yet, in time, there was kindled on his heart's altar the holier fire of devotion, which was ever warmer with the passing days, and brightest at his death. Within a short walk of the parsonage was the proud home of the Pembrokes, while just across the fields there rose the noble spire of Salisbury Cathedral; but no longer were the gilded honors of court to dazzle his meek eye, nor had the bishop's cap any power to infect his heart with the lust for clerical distinction. His sovereignty embraced but a meager hamlet, for which, in our day, is scarcely ever to be seen a dot on England's map. All the power he craved was a surplus of his scanty living; the sweetest luxury he indulged, was to share that surplus to the aged poor of his parish. But his health, never very good, now began to grow alarming; and after a pastorate of less than three years, he died, at the age of forty-one. His benefactions, and, indeed, the never-failing interest he took in all the affairs of little Bemerton, had endeared him to every one; and it was truth as well as fraternal love that induced Lord Herbert to say of him, that "his life was holy and exemplary, inasmuch that about Salisbury, where he lived beneficed, he was little less than sainted." Of his appearance, we can not find a better account than the one given in Walton's quaint terms: "He was for his person, of a stature inclining to fullness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity; his aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman, for they were all so meek and obliging that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him."

While the good pastor was lying on his death-bed he called a friend to his side, and giving him a manuscript volume, said he: "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of *Jesus, my Master*, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it; and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any poor, dejected soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." Thus

came George Herbert's poems to the light, and the death-bed of his body proved to be the cradle of his fame. At once they rose in popularity, and the author's flesh had scarcely mingled with its mother-dust before England was reading *The Temple* in a transport of ecstasy. Save Cowley, Herbert soon became the most read of any English poet. This, too, was in the face of corrupt morals, licentious literature, and a degraded clergy. And it was only after the public mind had become thoroughly instilled with the spirit of *The Temple* that religion began to revive among the masses, and the clergy commenced to respect themselves. It was truly a beacon-light for the coming of William of Orange. What the one did to literature in changing the prevailing taste of the people, the other did to politics in unbinding the burden of oppression that hung to the nation's shoulders. What Herbert did in making Protestantism more attractive to the people, and more prominent in letters, William did in rendering it powerful on the throne, and leaving it a legacy to the land. The country was full of churches, but the churches were any thing but full of people. This Herbert well knew, and to remedy the evil, he cast *The Temple* on the waters, with the assurance that

"A verse may finde him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

His aim was, therefore, to improve the people. While Cowley wrote to please a monarch and fall in with the corrupt current of the times, Herbert cast in a healing tree to heal the bitter Marah of his age. Thus what seemed to be burying a poniard in his own breast, in publishing *The Temple*, was but the raising of an imperishable monument to his fame, and clothing him with the blessings of the true and honest of posterity. Let it be known, then, as far as human foot can tread, that popularity sometimes lies on the side of opposing the current of taste. A fortunate thing is it that the path of duty is often the path to fame. But the very fact that *The Temple* was so peculiarly adapted to the times, accounts for its lack of interest to the reading world of today. It was written to supply a want—*une chose pour l'occasion*. Though more read at the close of the seventeenth century than the *Paradise Lost*, it now lies dusty in most men's libraries, while Milton's work is a book for the nations and the ages. We generally look upon *The Temple* as the visitor to London Tower gazes on a heavy battle-ax of Cœur de Lion's time, as having done good service in its day, but only interesting as connected with the past. But notwithstanding its relic-value, *The Temple* has not grown so rusty as to lose its edge. A recurrence

of the degraded times that gave it birth—which Heaven prevent!—might call it into use again, and all thoughts of accumulated rust and unfashionable shape would be forgotten in the terrible fall of the mighty steel.

Such is the stand-point of *The Temple*; let us now open the book and turn quickly over its curious pages. All the different parts of a church are made the subjects of the various poems. Thus *The Altar* is a poetical essay on prayer. In the same manner are the windows, church-floor, and lock and key, made the titles of a few verses calculated to teach useful lessons. In addition to these, there are poems on the holidays, and others on the Christian tempers which should animate the heart of one in church. *The Church-Porch* is so full of common-sense, with occasional sallies of pungent wit, that we must be pardoned if we pause to contemplate the beauty and strength of its architecture. To the lover of wine he says:

"Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it as thou list, and poure the shame
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there if I keep the round."

Ye lovers of anecdote, here is a lesson for you:

"When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oathes which true wit can not need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed."

His advice on self-study is a gem, and should be written in every body's note-book:

"By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear;
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou findest there.
Who can not rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house—turns out of doores his mind."

A good word he says to those hyper-sensitive persons, as well as timid ones, who crowd our path through life:

"Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break—
By great deeds show that thou canst little do."

To the gamester:

"Game is civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase."

Be humble, but aim high.

"Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with gentleness,
Cures both a fever and lethargickness."

His advice on beneficence is seldom taken, but we believe he made it his own experience:

"Give to all something; to a good poore man,
Till thou change places, and be where he began."

Thus might you go from the Porch to the Spire of George Herbert's *Temple*, and be always stopping to admire some new beauty. We will pick no more jewels from the casket; it were better to leave them where they are, for to see them to advantage, you must see them all together in their home. Though quaint to excess at times, they abound in good theology, perspicuity, and fancy. Poetry is often, in our times, a long array of words with a meager supply of thoughts. Indeed, many verse-volumes you seize upon, all damp from the press, have not as many thoughts as pages, and after you have finished them, you feel as if you had been all the while trying to untangle a knotted skein of thread, or looking through smoked glass to find a needle in the sand. On and on you have to read, continually asking, What is he trying to do? And after closing the volume, the melancholy conviction settles upon the mind that he has done nothing, and you have done nothing too. Would that every body, when he intends to write verse, would sit down with his ideas and not for a chase after them! This is why so many versifiers lose their scent—if they ever had one—and their poems present all the zigzags of a long hunt, in which the idea was never caught. Look now at George Herbert. He writes what he has well studied—you are not long in the dark as to what his purpose is. If you are ever doubtful, you find out in a little while that it was carefully designed by the writer to make the truth flash upon the mind with tenfold power. The thoughts are almost as numerous as the words; nor do they come as spent bullets, but as shot fresh from the hot cannon's mouth. As such, *The Temple* is to be recommended to every lover of common-sense and true poetry. The ever-recurring quaintness may sometimes excite a smile, but it is sure to be the smile of love and pleasure.

As a prose-writer, we have but little to say of George Herbert. His work on *The Country Parson* was adapted to the ministry of his day as *The Temple* was to the laity. It met with success, too, and is a book that the ministry of our century may read with vast benefit. It is needless to say that it describes, in the duties it enjoins, the pastoral life of the author himself. How different the pen-life and private life of some men! Many writers can fling verses to the public with enough holiness in them to make the angels weep, while their private life, alas! may be that of libertines. Not so with Herbert. His

writings were his spiritual and practical life hung in the frame-work of quaint words. We confess ourselves loth to say farewell to him. There is so much of sympathy in his heart, and such a lively fancy in his mental composition, that he has become endeared to us. Indeed, we can not study one of his pages as we would Tacitus, Milton, or Macaulay, to derive profit merely; but it is more like having an evening chat with an old neighbor of warm affections and well-stored mind. You talk to him more for himself than for what he says, and yet every word is a gem. Take any one of his poems—but we need not write what every one can see for himself. Ye people of the busy, crowded city, we have only told you that there is a rustic village far away from your thronged streets, to which you can go in midsummer, and forget these exciting times and your own heavy cares in the rural simplicity and cheerfulness of its unpaved streets, murmuring brooks, and vine-clad cottages.

A THOUGHT.

BY MARY A. DEVER.

WHEN, weak and worn with wearying care,
The watcher waits for day,
How pleasing to his anxious gaze
Is morning's opening ray!
When far from home, the traveler, lost
In darkness and distress,
Beholds the cheering sunlight break,
How deep his thankfulness!

If earth's dim sunlight can impart
Such untold happiness,
And fill the weary, aching heart
With love and thankfulness,
O, what must be the Christian's joy
When life's frail bands are riven,
And o'er his 'raptured vision breaks
The glorious light of heaven!

LIFE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

THERE is much in life
To make one sad; and much to thrill the heart,
Like sight of unexpected waterfall,
With deep and incommunicable joy.
A word, a look, hath power to unseal the fount
Of deep emotion. A kindly deed,
Like passing breath of flowers, to harmony
May waken all the senses. Yet our joys
Are richer, brighter, than a twilight broods
At either end. The evil and the good
Alike are blessings when they come from God.

"SAFE TO SHORE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Gracie, what have you put on that sort of a face for?" asked the young man as he folded up his morning newspaper, yawned, stretched himself, and then rose up and stood with his back to the grate fire.

"What sort of a face is it, Leonard?"

She looked up with one now that was mounted with dimples, and adorned with sweet, arch, rapid smiles.

"Not this face, but the other, I mean, which was solemn as a professor is at recitation."

A little laugh slipped out from among the smiles—a laugh which suited them as sometimes a poem does the tune to which it is set, and then the girl laid the small volume in her hands on the table, and came to her brother's side.

"Well, I was thinking, Leon, and I suppose it was the thoughts which made me look sober."

"What were the thoughts—that's what I want to come at?"

She looked up at him a half-doubtful, half-curious look, and this time all the smiles fell into one, and that was thoughtful, earnest.

"No," she said, shaking her head slowly.

"Tell me, Gracie," and Leonard Street slipped his arm around his sister's waist, and drew her to him in a way that he was pretty certain would be more effective than many words.

"Well, I came across a passage in the story I was reading, which set me to thinking, that's all."

"What was the passage?"

"O, dear! what a lawyer you are! I can't remember the words, but their purport was, That any life was barren and meager enough which could not look back on some real, substantial good which it had accomplished for another."

"That was the passage—now what were the thoughts?"

She lifted up her head, and made an arch grimace, but it was evident that Leonard Street possessed a vast influence over his sister from the nature of her replies to his categorical questions.

"I was thinking, then, that this could not be said of *my* life—that I had never done any real, substantial good to any body, and it made me feel sober."

A softened expression stole over the young lawyer's features, as he looked down on the head which had nestled itself up to his side.

"Yes, you have done a great deal of real, substantial good, sis."

"I wonder when it was."

He silently reached out his foot and the daintily-embroidered slipper thereof.

"O, Leonard, you are making fun of me!"

"Not at all; then just remember how you comb my hair whenever my head aches, and mend my stockings, and bring my slippers and gown every night when I come home, and are, in short, the daintiest, dearest, little sister that ever a man had."

Her eyes, looking into his, drank in the sweet praise in a way that fully reimbursed the speaker, but she shook her head when he stopped.

"That is n't real good, after all, Leonard—not what *that* book means. It wouldn't be much to my credit if I didn't do something for you, after all——"

He stopped her there, forestalling her sentence.

"Now don't make a mistake here, which a little girl just over her fourteenth birthday will be very apt to do. It's in these little every-day cares and ministrations of life, that very much of life's real, substantial good is accomplished. So, now, don't go to bothering your little brain because you haven't any great, heroic work in life to accomplish. If God has need of you, he will send the work at the right time, and you must remember that it is the silent night dews, and the soft-falling spring showers which bring out at last the glory and completeness of the Summer, just as much as the heavy storms and the long rains."

"I will remember, Leonard, only it seems a very small work I'm doing now," and her sweet, thoughtful smile answered the sweet, grave one in her brother's eyes. "But, perhaps, the time will come, as you say, to do something on a larger scale. I shall wait for it."

"And patiently, little sister. Some day you will see better than you do now, all the good you have done your brother. Now kiss me, for I must be off," looking at his watch. "Any thing down town to-day?"

"No; you wouldn't be worth a sixpence at matching the beads for my purse."

"Not a sixpence at any such feminine nonsense," making a wry face, and he left the room, and Grace went to her music lesson.

Leonard and Grace Street had been orphans for half a dozen years; their parents had died within six months of each other; and though their childhood had been nurtured in the midst of wealth and luxury, their father's death left his children nothing except a life-interest in the house where they had been born.

Martin Street had always been regarded as a wealthy man; and he was till, in a sudden commercial crisis, the weakness of one member of his

firm and the villainy of another was brought to light.

The old merchant managed to pay all his creditors, but losses by sea and failures on land swept away his possessions; the excitement and disappointment brought on a fever from which he never recovered, and his delicate and gentle wife followed him six months later.

Leonard was twenty-three then; thirteen years older than his sister, and he had just completed his professional studies. He had many friends for his father's sake, and he had hope and energy which the loss of his property and the death of his parents stimulated into great activity. So he continued to reside in the old home with a single servant, and his strong heart sheltered there very tenderly the little sister who had so early been thrown upon his love and care.

It was very hard at first for the young lawyer to depend solely upon his own resources, but the sharp discipline brought out the true manliness of his character in the end. He possessed talents of no ordinary character. He devoted himself with untiring assiduity to his profession, and he rose in it steadily; and in the course of six years, he was enabled to surround himself and his sister with all the real comforts of their old home; and for the luxuries, Leonard Street had ceased to care for them.

Grace was like her mother; and perhaps because that sweet young face was so much like that pale, loving one over which the grass had stitched its coverlet of green, Leonard Street looked on it always with a feeling of solemn, yearning tenderness, very much like that which a father might feel for his motherless child.

CHAPTER II.

"Why, Leonard, what is the matter?" and she sprang up from her drawing, her hazel eyes filled with anxiety, almost with terror.

And for the first time in his life Leonard Street spoke angrily to his sister, as he waved her away: "Don't bother me, Grace, only let me alone." He threw himself down in his arm-chair by the fire, and the silver gas-light, and the crimson grate-light fell full upon his face; it was fearfully white, and the thin mouth was set in a strange rigidity of expression, and the blue veins were thickly knotted on the broad, high forehead.

Grace Street had cowered as though a blow had suddenly struck her, when she heard her brother's words. She sat down by the table, and covered her eyes with her hands, and the large, noiseless tears fell through her fingers.

Her brother saw nothing of this. Shadows of dark and angry thoughts went over the pale,

proud face of Leonard Street, flashed out of his deep-set, brown eyes, and curled his lips.

It was still early in the Winter's evening. They could hear the constant hurrying tread of feet outside, and the rumbling of the omnibuses, but in the sitting-room no sound broke the silence, but the soft voice of the French clock on the mantle.

At last the young man rose up, and commenced pacing the room with hurried, agitated strides. He was a man of remarkable self-control, and Grace knew that it was no light thing which could thus move her brother. She looked up at him; the tears were held in check on the golden-brown lashes, for a strong, brave heart beat under the sweet, girlish face. It took on now something of that calm, resolute expression which had always individualized the countenance of Leonard Street.

Grace rose up and went to her brother, and laid her hand on his arm. His first glance at her face told her that his spirit chafed under even this light touch; but her voice, steady and tender, indorsed the calm, bright eyes that looked into his own.

"Leonard, it is not right to treat me like this. I am old enough to know and share your trouble. Tell me what it is."

He looked down on her doubtfully, and a softer expression supplanted the angry one in his eyes, for the girl-face had now the look which always took Leonard Street back to the time when he said his prayers with his mother's face bending over him as the faces of angels did in his dreams, and the need and yearning for a woman's sympathy, which the strongest and bravest man's heart feels sometimes, came over him.

"Did I speak cross to her just now—my little sister?" he said; "I didn't mean to, but I am in great trouble; so great that she can not help me."

"Tell me first, and let me see;" and now her small, soft fingers had gone up among the short, brown locks, and rested there soft as snow-flakes on patches of brown grass.

"Gracie, I am in great trouble," and the proud man spoke the words now with a mute appeal in his eyes.

She did not answer him; with true womanly instinct she drew him to an ottoman by the fire, and throwing herself into the arm-chair, she laid his head into her lap, and then she leaned down and whispered, "Is it about Margaret, Leonard?"

It cost him a struggle, as it does all proud, self-reliant natures, to give even to the gentlest heart the deepest secret of their own; but the answer came in a moment.

"Yes."

"Tell me, Leonard."

And in the next half hour, its pulses throbbing

softly away in the silver-voiced clock, Grace Street knew the great sorrow which had come suddenly to her brother's heart.

Margaret Allyn had been for two years his betrothed wife. She was the daughter of a retired merchant, an old and warm friend of the young lawyer's father. She was in the first blossoming of her womanhood; and the beautiful face, and the graceful figure were only a fitting illustration of the graciousness of soul and of the true warm heart of Margaret Allyn.

Her life of wealth and luxury had not spoiled her, and though she had many suitors, all that was best and noblest in her nature responded to the affection of Leonard Street. The course of their love hath hitherto run smoothly, and there was little danger of any misunderstanding transpiring betwixt the two, unless the pride, which somewhat marred the fine grain of both their characters, should some time be rashly awakened by either party. Perhaps both needed a sharp discipline, for neither suspected that a root of bitterness lay at the foundation of their natures, which springing up might some time poison the sweet waters of their tenderness. Each was full of lofty resolve and self-sacrifice; each generous, impulsive, noble; but the hour of revelation was needed for both, and it came.

Leonard Street had made an engagement to leave the city on some professional business, and had informed Margaret of his intended absence. Subsequent letters from his client caused a delay in his departure, and he was greatly surprised to find Margaret cloaked and hooded for a sleigh-ride, when he called at her house in the evening.

"Are you going out with your father, Maggie?"

"No;" a little flush broadened the rosebuds that were always on the point of blossoming in the cheeks of Margaret Allyn, and there was a little embarrassment in her manner as she drew off her glove; but she answered straightforward and truthfully, for the girl was incapable of deception—"I was going with Justin Howard."

Leonard Street's brow darkened with pain and anger—"I would not have believed, Margaret, that you would avail yourself of my absence to ride out with a man whom I detest!"

The severe tones stung the proud-spirited girl. "You have no right to judge me, Leonard, till you have heard my defense." She stood erect now, her sweet lips flushed and half scornful, and her blue eyes looking up cold and half defiant into those of the man for whom Margaret Allyn would gladly have laid down her life.

At that moment the door-bell rang, and Justin Howard entered the parlor. The two men had been classmates, but they barely recognized each other now.

Justin Howard was the son of a millionaire, and a former visitor of Margaret's. He was indolent, supercilious, haughty, a mere man of the world, and Margaret's keen instincts had easily fathomed him. But her mother and his had been warm friends, and so was his sister and Margaret; so that the latter was frequently brought in contact with the young man, and he was always persistent in his attentions to her, although fully aware of her engagement.

Leonard had a great contempt for the character of the rich man's son, and Justin Howard hated him with that mean and narrow spirit which such natures always entertain for their rivals.

Justin Howard was not long in penetrating something of the real state of feeling between the lovers, and his half-patronizing, half-exultant manner stung Leonard almost past endurance. He rose to leave, and Margaret followed him into the hall, intending to explain the circumstances which had induced her to make this engagement with Justin Howard, and which would have fully exonerated her from blame in the eyes of Leonard Street, had he been in a reasonable mood; but exasperated by jealousy, he did not give her time for a word.

"Margaret Allyn, do you intend to ride out with that man to-night?"

"I have promised to do so;" her tones were cold and strained now, her face was very white.

"Well, I came to accompany you to the lecture. If you go out with him, I shall understand it as a tacit avowal that you prefer his society to mine."

If he had only been more reasonable, more forbearing, but, alas! his manner roused the girl's pride, and she knew, too, that in his heart her lover was doing her injustice; and this knowledge made her answer calm and dignified.

"Leonard, it would not be honorable to decline Mr. Howard's invitation, now I have accepted it."

"And your acceptance was doing me a great wrong."

"Not under the circumstances."

"There can be none which will in any wise excuse your conduct. I wish you a pleasant evening," and he left the house, and said to himself in anger and grief, that he would never take to wife Margaret, the daughter of Merrit Allyn; that henceforward she should be as the dead to him.

And all this Grace Street learned that night, while her small hands went to and fro in the brown locks of her brother's hair as they flowed round her lap. She knew that it would be of no avail to reason or plead with him, and she was certainly greatly shocked at Margaret's conduct. She knew, too, that her brother fully believed he was in the right, and that believing this, he would

accomplish his purpose, whatsoever might be the struggle it would cost him to do it.

And thinking on all this, there suddenly flashed across Grace Street the memory of the conversation she had had with her brother a week before, and his words to her then: "When God has a work for you to do, he will provide the occasion." Had not that occasion come now? She looked down on her brother, and her heart silently blessed him for those words.

CHAPTER III.

"Why, Grace, is it possible?" and there was a quick change and tremulousness on the face of Margaret Allyn as she entered the parlor, and Grace Street rose up to see her.

"Are you glad to see me, Margaret?" There was a great doubt wavering along the words, and Grace's greedy eyes emphasized the doubt.

Margaret Allyn was greatly moved. She had always loved Grace tenderly, partly for her own sake, partly for Leonard's; and now she gathered her arms about the young girl as a sister would have done.

"Of course. I am very glad to see you, Gracie, little girl. You did n't think my heart would change toward *you*! But how white you are!"

"Yes; I have been sick for two weeks, or I should have come here before. Nobody knows that I have left my room this morning; but I got Deborah to order a carriage, and came quite on my own responsibility."

"Why, Gracie, dear child, what possessed you?"

The girl looked in the lady's face before she answered. Never before had she seen Margaret Allyn when the pinks were not wide a-bloom in her cheeks; but now, the great, still, proud lilies which hang their gleaming goblets over dark currents, under shadowy mountains, were like the cheeks of Margaret Allyn; and the brown depths of her eyes were full of a look which touched on suffering.

"I came because of Leonard," said Grace, quiet and steadfast now, for she knew her ground.

"He did not send you?"

"No."

The graceful head that had a trick of drooping was lifted proudly, and Margaret's voice was firm and decided now.

"Grace, it is too late to come for him now."

"O, do n't say that, Margaret," clutching both the girl's hands. "I know he has been unjust to you—proud and hasty; but if he had loved you less, you would have had less to forgive."

The words had their effect. The look of pride which dwelt on the sweet mouth drooped into one of pain, but Margaret's voice had not altered as she said:

"Grace, I have been for two years the betrothed wife of your brother, and during all that time I have never, by word, or deed, or even thought, given him occasion for one suspicion that my heart was not true to him—to its very finest throb. And two weeks ago—I will not speak of it—only what transpired then was such an insult to my womanly truth, to my affection, to all the trust I had reposed in him, that I made a decision, which I shall abide by, let it cost me what it may."

"But," interposed the eager girl, "if you will only see him—only tell him."

"He would n't wait to hear my explanation *then*; it is too late now. Gracie, do n't talk of it," and Margaret Allyn was shivering from head to foot with the agony which shook her heart.

"I won't say but a few words more, Margaret, for I must go; only you know his room is next to mine. While I have been lying awake and restless with the fever during these long nights, I have heard him pacing up and down the floor, and sometimes I have heard quick, sharp groans break out of his lips—groans that if you could have heard, Margaret, you would have gone to him and comforted him. And I want you to think of this when I am gone; and of the lonely, desolate life which he must struggle through with before he has learned to forget you; before he can possibly take another to the room in his heart where you still stand. He has done wrong, and you only can make him repent of it; and you know how generous and noble he is—how ample will be his acknowledgments."

"Margaret, let him feel once that you are nobler and better than he, and not let your woman's pride do what his man's is—keeping you apart who so love each other."

Margaret Allyn sank down upon the floor and buried her face in her white hands, and the sobs shook to and fro the girl's figure as trees are shaken in Autumn nights by great tempests, which go to and fro in mighty tempests; and Grace Street felt, whatever was the result, that she would do no more. And then she heard the wheels of the carriage as they rolled up to the sidewalk, and slipped noiselessly out of the room; and when, at last, Margaret Allyn looked up, her guest was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

"There is a lady in the parlor wants to see you, Mr. Street," and Deborah put her head inside the sitting-room door.

Tea was just over, and Leonard Street sat by the fire, stroking the wings of a tame canary which had just alighted on his shoulder.

"A lady to see me! It must be some client."

But what can have brought her out on such a night? Hand me my coat—there's a good girl, Gracie."

"Leonard!" and the face which, despite all his struggles, for the last four weeks had looked down on his soul steadfast and shining, rose up from the sofa and advanced toward him.

"Margaret Allyn!" he said; and then he stood still for wonder—for something more than wonder.

"Are you glad to see me?" asked the trembling lips, the sweet, agitated face.

Leonard Street put out his arms quickly and gathered Margaret Allyn to his heart, and held her there so tightly that she could only feel, not see, his tears of joy as they dropped into her hair.

At last they found room for words; and sitting together in the sweet, new joy of that reconciliation, Leonard Street learned what wide misapprehension on his side had kept him and Maggie apart, and cost both of them a month of slow, terrible agony. He learned, too, what it had cost Maggie to come to him after his sister's visit at her house.

It humbled the proud man, as, perhaps, nothing else in the world could have done; and it opened a dark closet in his soul, and the scales from his eyes, for he saw the evil spirit which sat there grim and defiant, and on the name of its forehead was written Pride!

Two hours slipped away; and then Grace, alarmed at her brother's long absence, softly opened the parlor door; and her brown eyes grew wide with wonder and delight as they rested on the two who sat there.

"Come in Gracie!" called her brother. "If it had n't been for you, little sister, Margaret and I would n't have been here to-day."

She came toward them, her bright face a-bloom with blushes.

Leonard Street drew one arm around his sister's waist after Margaret and she had kissed each other; and, like all really-generous natures when convinced of wrong, he made full and ample atonement for the evil he had done.

"Margaret—Grace," he said, "I am unworthy either of you. I only was to blame with the blame of false pride, and rashness, and obstinacy, that I mistook for self-respect and a proper regard for my own wounded affection. I acknowledge my fault—I am sorry for it."

"No, you were not alone to blame, Leonard," eagerly interposed Margaret, as her fond glance drifted through its shining tears to his face. "If I had considered how strongly appearances were against me, I, too, should not have been so hasty at what seemed your injustice."

"Well, you have nobly atoned for all that in

coming here, while I—but my life shall do what my words can't, Maggie."

"And do you remember, Leonard, what you said to me one morning nearly two months ago: that when God saw best, he would send to me the occasion for doing some real, substantial good?"

"And the 'occasion' came on that morning when you slipped out of the house and went to Margaret's, without a suspicion on my part of what you were doing."

"Well, was n't I right in thinking so, Leon?" her blue eyes laughing archly in his face.

"O, yes; but while I was talking so wisely to you, little sister, I did n't suspect what a lesson the 'occasion' would teach my life."

"Well, we've both been on the waters, and both got safe to shore at last, Leonard."

It was Margaret Allyn said this—Margaret with the tears in her agate eyes, and the smiles on her carnation lips.

"Safe to shore, thank God!" repeated Leonard Street slowly, opening and shutting his eyes.

TOO LATE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

WE did not know how soon the gate

Would open to her feet—

Her weary feet, that trod, so late,
This dingy, dusty street.

We did not know how near her life

Verged to the eternal day;

Nor, on its long, unaided strife,
What benediction lay;

How near to her—forgive our blame—

Christ's heart of pity yearned;

How oft the blessed angels came
To comfort her we spurned;

Her sinking spirit to sustain

When hope and joy were spent;

Perfecting patience in her pain,
And in her toil content.

Alas! had we but felt her need,

And smoothed her pathway too;

Had we but lent our hand to lead
Her fainting footstep through!

Our gifts we now would fain bestow;

But all too late! for she,

Whose grave is heaped to-night with snow,
Is higher far than we.

O, Father, lead us day by day,

And perfect us in love;

That we the faith for which we pray
By works of love may prove!

Teach us the erring still to bless,

And more and more, O, make

Us, yearning Heart of tenderness,
Be tender for Thy sake!

REV. HENRY SLICER, D. D.

BY REV. O. H. TIFFANY, D. D.

IN former days the old Baltimore Conference was a dominant power in Methodism. When such men as J. Emory, B. Waugh, and J. Davis ruled in her councils—when A. Griffith and J. A. Collins, and others advocated her policy on the floor of the General Conference, these were the days of her glory; and many are her sons whose memories are blessed and whose joy is full. The separation of the Church South made the Conference the line of border war, and her troubles were many; much strength, which otherwise might have been given wholly to the ministry of the Word, was necessarily devoted to allaying local prejudices, and removing difficulties which arose from misconception or misrepresentation of the true position of the Church. The ministry were called to a pseudo-political, instead of an exclusively-spiritual warfare; the days of her glory were numbered. The extent of territory which the Conference embraced rendered necessary, at last, the division which had only been deferred by reason of the secession of the Southern Conferences; and the sectional strife of the land seems to be likely to absorb that portion which retains the old name—a name which, in former times, was a tower of strength round which the Church would gather for united action.

We love to recall the former times, and to remember the men who embodied the principles and the power of the Church—the representative men—some of whom still are among us with eye undimmed and natural force unabated. Such a man is the Rev. Henry Slicer, D. D., of the East Baltimore Conference.

He was born in Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, on the 27th of March, 1801. When about sixteen years of age he was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was as thorough and decided then, as he has been faithful and true since, to the cause then espoused. He entered a working Church a working man; the religion he professed was "Christianity in earnest," and he was an earnest Christian. He sought out fields for useful labor; and when eighteen years of age, as a member of the Asbury Sunday School Society of Baltimore, he undertook the superintendence of a Sunday school at a factory village near the city; to accomplish this, he was in the habit of walking twelve miles each Sunday in Summer as well as in Winter. At that time, as they are now, regularity and punctuality were conspicuous habits; and it is to be doubted whether there is on the records of the Church a life so full of labors, which has been

spent with a truer regard for these cardinal principles. It may be that this early devotion to the Sunday school cause has been the occasion of his habit of school visitation ever since. All Sunday schools under his supervision as preacher in charge, or presiding elder, are faithfully cared for, the scholars addressed, and the officers and teachers encouraged.

Being called to the work of the ministry, he advised with Bishop Emory as to the best course to be pursued, and would have continued a course of study with that eminent man had not the demand of the Church for laborers necessitated his immediate devotion to preaching. He entered the Baltimore Conference as a probationer in 1822, and has continued till this day filling his appointments with fidelity and zeal, and proving himself an able minister of the New Testament.

As a preacher Dr. Slicer is remarkable for directness, force, and earnestness; his voice is clear, loud, and free; his gestures appropriate and dignified; his illustrations apt and familiar; he always appears a man of power and of conscious strength; there is no element of fear in his character; he is always bold, courageous, and intrepid. When he expounds the Law, you feel in listening to him that he comprehends the dignity and authority of his Divine commission; when he expostulates with sinners you are impressed with the thoroughness of his convictions as well as with the intrepidity of his address; and when he presents the invitations of grace you know at once that he feels the assurance that it is worthy of all acceptance.

As a debater in the councils of the Church he has always had a dominant influence. Habitual association with many leading men of the nation, when located in Washington, has probably assisted in developing these elements by which he exerts so powerful a control over men.

"His bold manner, his ready extemporization, his aptness in illustration, his multiplied successes, his commanding position, his indomitable will, his private virtues, his warm friendships, and his well-known and unflinching devotion to the Church, make him an acknowledged prince among his brethren, and give to a skill in discussion, in itself worthy to succeed, the certainty of success. A plain, blunt man, he speaks right on. But happen what may—be it personal explanation, points of order, interjected retort—the speech gathers strength from impediment, and proceeds only the more surely and forcibly to its aim."

Dr. Slicer holds strongly and tenaciously the opinions which he carefully forms, and is not careful about differing with men when he feels assured that he is right. This trait of his character has led some to an erroneous judgment of him; he

seems, to some who only know him as a public man, to lack to some extent the gentler and kinder sympathies of our nature; but those who know him in the intimacies of private life are well prepared to think of him differently; his home is the center of gentle and kindly Christian influences; and if opponents in public affairs may have cause to remember his uncompromising inflexibility, all who know him will testify to the courtesy and kindliness of his private life. The firmness with which he maintains principles is only surpassed by the tenacity with which he adheres to his friendships; and this point of his strongly-marked character is a preponderating excellence.

In the present crisis of the Church and of the nation, Dr. Slicer stands now where the fathers of the Church stood, and holds the opinions of those who formed the government in 1787; strong in his devotion to the Union of the States and to the integrity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he is found now resisting by every means the efforts of seceders. Not coinciding with ultraists on either side of the slavery question, he was called "a clerical scamp" by the Boston Liberator in the same issue in which the Constitution of the United States was denounced as "a covenant with death, an agreement with hell, and a refuge of lies." On the other hand, he has more recently been misrepresented by those who claim him as a pro-slavery man in a day when the use of terms has made that title synonymous with rebellion in State and separation in Church.

Dr. Slicer has always consistently opposed the agitation of the question of slavery by others than those having jurisdiction over the question, as injurious to the interests of both bond and free, master and slave. In the General Conference of 1844 he asserted that a persistence in this agitation would not only rupture the Church, but weaken the bonds of the Union of the States; an idea afterward presented in the United States Senate by Mr. Calhoun and prominently uttered also by Mr. Clay. Dr. Slicer has lived to see the bonds of union weakened in both Church and State, and to lament the fulfilling of his own prophecy. With far-seeing judgment he opposed the establishment of a local organ for the Border Conferences in 1850 and 1858, deprecating that result in the Baltimore Conference which the course of the Baltimore Christian Advocate has precipitated.

As a natural consequence of the possession of such qualities, and frequent appointments in the national capital, Dr. Slicer has wielded a considerable political influence, and yet he can not with justice be called a politician, the Church and the work of God being always first and chief-

est with him. His influence has been available to those who have denounced clerical politicians, and his familiarity with men, his sound judgment, and his kindness of heart have assisted many, regardless of party, who at this hour enjoy places of honor and emolument under the General Government. And the authorities of the Church have found in him a judicious adviser and a valuable friend, when the wants of our Indian and other missions have occasioned their presentation in executive chambers, or before Congress. He has always professed democratic sentiments, and has ever been regarded as scrupulously honest in his devotion to them and his advocacy of them.

In 1837, when stationed in the District of Columbia, he was elected to the office of Chaplain of the Senate; he has filled that office, at various times, during nine sessions; an accumulation of honor enjoyed by no other clergyman in the history of the nation. While holding this office in 1838, there occurred the terribly-fatal duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley—which occasioned such a tumult of feeling in the public mind—he prepared, delivered, and published a discourse on "The history, character, causes, and consequences of dueling." Fifty thousand copies of this sermon were distributed through the land, and its influence was so decided, that Judge Prentiss, of Vermont—the author of the anti-dueling bill—always asserted it to be one of the main causes of the passage by the Senate and House of the bill to prevent and punish dueling.

Though constantly before the public as an eloquent pleader in behalf of all benevolent enterprises, especially in the cause of temperance and the cause of missions, he has but seldom been drawn into personal or protracted controversy. He has never been a man to meet without due forethought, but always one rather to be avoided, in controversy, by reason of the clearness with which he apprehends a subject, and the vigor with which he defends it when attacked. The result of one controversy, however, has given to the world a small volume on the subject of baptism, thousands of which have been issued by the Book-Room, and which has proved abundantly useful.

The portrait in the present number gives an admirable idea of Dr. Slicer. His frame is that of an athletic; his carriage is erect, his eye searching and clear, his manner dignified, and his bearing courteous.

Long may his useful life be spared to the Church and to the world!

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it, he is superior.

NEEDLEDOM.

WE commend the following article, from the Congregationalist, to the especial attention of the young ladies of the present day, to so large a number of whom it has a strictly-personal application:

I suppose, young ladies, you were early initiated into the romantic life and adventures of a valiant "hop o' my thumb," who, with a darning needle, fought a big spider, and at last run him through the body. It is a story of ill omen to me, for in that conflict the one with the needle won the day—and would have done so undoubtedly, if the spider had been the assailant. Yet I propose to hazard an attack on needledom—at the risk of sharing the spider's fate.

You must know first of all, young ladies, that I admire the skill and cunning of your artistry in silk, worsted, floss, etc. Embroideries are beautiful, whether on handkerchief, robe, or collar. And those slippers for your brother, on whose canvas the Autumn leaves and Spring blossoms grew into dainty shape under your nimble fingers—but O! did n't your eyes ache sometimes!—those slippers were pretty, and gave your brother and yourself a deal of pleasure. Even the great square screens, and round ottoman covers, and chair patterns, and pictures on the wall, bear witness at least to your industry and patience, if not to your taste. Mr. Ruskin would commend them for the time and labor wrought into them; and you may put his judgment above mine, if you like.

But, after all, are there not some other accomplishments of more use to you? Pray tell me—my maiden artist—what is the design of that masterpiece of your needle that hangs in the spare chamber? I take it to be a "pastoral;" that amplitude of green worsted must be a lawn—those oblong patches of white—excuse me—were meant to be lambs, *couchant*. Yet I may be mistaken; my little friend was mistaken who rode with us through Laurel Hill the other day; he caught a glimpse of a marble lamb which marked the last resting-place of some mother's pet, and his recognition would have gratified the artist hugely—"O, mamma!" cried my little critic, "look at that little pig!" On the whole, even if Mr. Ruskin should find something to commend in your handiwork, it seems to me I should use my needle on my dresses—and when it comes to works of art, try a pencil or a brush.

I would not *taboo* all needle ornaments; many cunning ways there are of truly adorning parlor and mantle. If your vases, etc., need mats to relieve the monotony of color and surface, make them; make them of rare pattern and fine fabric. If your easy chairs and sofa arms want tidies, let

form and figure be ornamental; they will melt down the hard, uncouth bulk of haircloth and mahogany, and harmonize the contents of the room. Our parlors would be bleak and angular without these softening adornments. But don't waste time and brains on chairs, ottomans, screens, etc.; half the labor well laid out would purchase a chair or screen ten times as pretty, and not nearly so stiff.

What I want to tell you more particularly, though, is further back.

A writer in the thirteenth century describes a properly-educated woman as "knowing how to pray to God, to love man, to knit and sew;" good as far as it goes—first the conscience, then the heart, then the hands—piety, love, needle-work! Just see what he left out. What of the brain? Hasn't she got a brain? I take it women have minds quite as generally as men have—and minds as well worth cultivating, to say the least, as their hands are.

This is just what I complain of, young ladies, throughout the wide realm of needledom—this neglect of mental culture. And please remember—I am not speaking to professional sewing women, who get their living by the needle, and to some of whom it is a life-draining slavery—with those poor consumptive shadows, who sing the song of the shirt, or with those drudges who earn three cents a day for making and carrying to market that gossamer Valenciennes lace, which you like so much to wear. I am not talking to these. I am talking to you who need not—and yet do—spend your days in embroidery, crotchet-work, fancy knitting, etc., with precious little time or heart for study. Are you really bound to a ten-hour system of needle-work? Better busy than idle, to be sure; but then have your fingers the only claim on your time? has your mind no place? If that did not suffer under this killing system, then I would keep quiet. But your mind does suffer, and I protest.

The talent that came from the King with the command, "Occupy till I come," can be buried in an embroidered handkerchief, or collar and undersleeves, as well as in a "napkin."

And when, sometimes, my young lady friends have shown me specimens of their thread and needle artistry, and told me how many days they spent on this, and how many on that—what weeks of labor this specimen cost, and what months were devoted to that—while I could not help admiring the skillful tracery—now don't be angry, and call me a horrid old croaker, without taste or feeling—neither could I help thinking in my heart—these are the sepulchers of dead hours—hours that came laden with rare opportunities, and ready to carry back into eternity the

returns of a loving and earnest service, but the freight they brought was scattered on the beach—and then, overburdened with these earthly weights, they sank in the great ocean of time. Ah, now I see where the days and years have gone! This net-work of spirals, these endless vines and braids, these trellises and wreathings, and wavy intervolutions, that by slow needle-work inwrought their painful curves on garments “too nice to be worn” after they were finished—these are the crafty serpents that lay in wait for your hours, and noiselessly coiled around and carried them down into the depths!

O, shade of Tom Hood! are you in the cavern of the winds? tell them as they sweep over the sepulcher sea, to wail a requiem song of the skirt!

Wasted minds! wasted by needle-work!

In Africa—as the natives told the explorer, Captain Speke—there are rivers whose waters shoal in the Summer heat, and the lilies, with their dense leaves, cover and bridge the sluggish surface for the passing traveler. I have met women whose lavish adornments had outgrown and covered all else—and when beneath the embroidered surface I sought to sound the current of mental life, I found it shallow and sluggish.

Wasted minds! there are many such in the wide realm of needledom.

If you live, I suppose, young ladies, you will, in due course of time and event, take the place in the world now held by your mothers and older sisters. Perhaps not—and possibly you may not wish to—but probably you will. The mantle of wifehood descends pretty generally from mother to child, from child to child again. And when it shall be thrown about your shoulders, the metamorphosis from maiden to bride will not emancipate your busy fingers. You are not out of needledom when you step under the sweet yoke of the orange blossom. You must take many a stitch for your husband as well as yourself.

And now just look here: are you ready for the new artistry your husband will look for, and you, if you are a true wife, will be delighted to show him? I am afraid all that former deftly science in worsteds and floss will not go for much in the new and practical wants of him you love.

Look into my wardrobe; I can not cast the horoscope of his, and do not know what will be in it; mine will do as well. Here is my second-best coat—the identical coat I was married in two years ago—a little out of style, to be sure, but not yet out at elbows; the last time I wore it I used it hard, and I came home minus a button—I wish buttons had roots like trees, so that nothing short of a Barbadoes hurricane would wrench them off; and then, too, on one side the

lining was torn down; but when I came to put it on this morning, the button was there and the rent all fixed—never mind who did it, I guess I know. Could you do it? My collars, too, a sorry set; well, I knew that would be your verdict—somebody else decided so long ago, and is making me some more; did you ever try your hand at it? And then these shirts; they chafe my neck, and always did; there is no fit to them; my brother's new Latin scholar would call them a *nihil fit*; now do you suppose you could mollify these yokes and bindings, and persuade them to “be aisy?”

—Et cætera—

Your husband will come to you often with such sad stories, and it won't do to tell him, “Never mind, Fred—let the old things go; I'll work you a pair of beautiful slippers!”

Young ladies, you will rue it if you abandon “plain sewing” for “fancy work.” You will rue it prodigiously if you abandon the culture of your mind for either or both. What! has your hand actually touched and handled the pure golden ingots of a true education, and yet you have only chosen and brought home to yourself the tinsel, the finery, the toys of life? The superstitious soldiers of Egypt made a choice equally wise—of whom Herodotus says, “They return from a military expedition laden with precious spoil of dogs, cats, vultures, hawks.”

Don't forget that life is a time for laying up treasure of gold, not toys. The duties of hurrying years will be on you fast enough, and will crowd out some of the precious opportunities you have now for training and developing your mind. Use your opportunities now, I beg of you, and be in earnest about it.

O my heart! some wind will be blowing
Sooner or later through all thy bowers
Knowest thou not the Summer is going,
And a reaping must come for the Spring-time sowing?
What wilt thou do in thine Autumn hours?

BE CONTENTED.

Not to be content with life, says Sir Thomas Browne, is the unsatisfactory state of those which destroy themselves; who, being afraid to live, run blindly upon their own death, which no man fears by experience. And the Stoics had a notable doctrine to take away the fear thereof; that is, in such extremities to desire that which is not to be avoided, and wish what might be feared; and so made evils voluntary, and to suit their own desires, which took off the terror of them. But the ancient martyrs were not encouraged by such fallacies; and, therefore, thought it more wisdom to crucify their lusts than their bodies.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

BY A. H. DENNETT.

LITTLE MINNIE wandered from her father's house one pleasant Summer day; the sky was blue, the air soft and balmy, while bright song-birds flitted hither and thither, pouring forth many a sweet carol of joy. All earth seemed lovely; and the light heart of the child beat in joyous unison with the beauty of nature. On she sped, pursuing with fleet footsteps the light thistle-down, or some bright-winged butterfly; now pausing to pluck the fair flowers whose fragrance allured her; anon following the windings of a rippling brook, flinging in pebbles, and laughing gayly to see the white foam dash up, or dropping in her blossoms to sail as a mimic fleet. Thus happily the hours glided by all unheeded, and twilight shadows began to deepen ere the child bethought her of finding the homeward path; but the brook's winding way had led her into a forest; above her huge trees arched their boughs, dark with thick leaves; around her was a tangled undergrowth of shrubs, and soon she grew bewildered by vain efforts to find some outlet. At last, weary and terrified, she sank upon the ground, sobbing bitterly. It was now quite dark; the rising wind sighed among the pine boughs, and the excited child trembled as she heard the wailing tone. Soon fancy brought vividly before her the quiet and safety of her pleasant home; she saw both father and mother anxiously seeking their missing little one. At this thought she cried joyously, "Papa will come and find me!" and soothed and comforted, the exhausted child fell asleep—with no couch but the dead leaves—no pillow but the moss-tuft. She was, ere long, roused from slumber by voices calling her name; and the first sight that greeted her waking vision was the form of her father, torch in hand. Little Minnie sprung eagerly to his arms, exclaiming, "I *knew* you'd come for me, papa!"

Thus oftentimes we, children of a larger growth, wander from the way that leads to our Father's mansion, lured by the glitter of earth's fading, fleeting attractions. Perchance wealth spreads her butterfly-wings before us, and we strain every nerve to catch the gold dust gleaming on her sun-lighted pinions, forgetting that a touch will brush it all away forever. Pleasure, decked with many-hued flowers, and bearing the sparkling wine-cup, may beckon us on to the dance and song, till, fascinated, we heed not that poison lurks in each gay flower, and deadliest venom mingles with the foamy bead of the brimming goblet. Or Fame offers her laurel-wreath, point-

ing to a lofty position among the children of earth; and our eyes, blinded with ambition, see not the deep lines of care but half concealed by the circling leaves that bind her brow; and we press on, unwitting that a lofty place is too often a cold and isolated one.

But it matters little *by what* we are lured. If we once roam into by-paths, forsaking the onward way, no long period of time will elapse ere we shall see dark clouds of trouble gathering over us; dangers and difficulties will beset us on all sides, and vain will be all self-confident struggles for relief. Deeper and denser will grow the darkness—more fearful the gloom enshrouding the soul! Ah, well for us, if, ere it be too late, we sink with childlike confidence, helpless and humble, at the feet of Jesus—trusting in him *alone* for aid and safety—relying on him to lead us back to the deserted way, and to guard as well as guide us therein; remembering that he has promised never to leave or forsake us so long as we *trust* in him!

—○○○—

"WORDS ARE THINGS."

WORDS are not only things, but sometimes very dangerous things. They are like fire-arms, and should be handled very carefully. Have a care of your words, or you may hurt somebody, when you do not mean to. A man's reputation and living may depend upon his neighbor's grammar, and accusations of horrible sins may grow out of nothing but syntax.

A worthy clergyman once came near losing his "living" in this way—and a man's living is the next thing to his life. It happened thus: The minister's name was mentioned in terms of eulogy one evening at a social gathering in his parish, when a person present, a solemn-faced, waggish fellow, of convivial habits, observed that he quite agreed with the rest in their praise of the clergyman. "We have often drank brandy and water together," said he, "and I consider him one of the pleasantest fellows I ever knew."

A pretty compliment to a minister and teetotaler! The story got to the deacons, and the deacons brought him up in Church. The parson was arraigned and confronted his accuser, who declared that what he said was strictly true, but was obviously misunderstood.

"It is a solemn fact," said the witness, "that your excellent minister and myself have drank brandy and water together—but then *I* drank the brandy, and *he* drank the water!"

And that was the whole story which made so much disturbance in the parish, and had well-nigh ruined the parson.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Sabiur.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE PLEASURE.—“Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.” Isa. lv, 2, 3.

The genius of this chapter is sufficient for four purposes:

1. To silence infidelity. Infidelity can reason triumphantly against the corruption of Churches, the spirit of sects, and many of the interpretations of theologians; but we challenge it to argue against the spirit of the Bible; and this is what we contend for: we contend not for the forms which men have given the Bible, but for the divine things in it—the genius. We take an infidel into this chapter, and we make him speechless. He could no more reason against the free, universal, and divine love which breathes through every sentence, than he could against the elements of nature that animate, sustain, and bless his existence.

2. The genius of this chapter is sufficient to shame bigotry. The “dear people”—the “little flock”—the “favorite few,” who, with narrow views and selfish hearts, look upon all beyond the pale of their own little sect as reprobate, can scarcely fail to blush before the moral majesty of this chapter: the blessings are here like the waters that well from rocks, roll in rivers, and descend in showers, for all that thirst.

3. The genius of this chapter is sufficient to cheer penitence; none need despair. The blessings are for all that thirst, and to be had “without money and without price.”

4. This chapter draws a line of demarkation between false and true pleasure, giving us a clear idea of the character and results of each.

I. FALSE PLEASURE.

1. The false is expensive. All false pleasure is sought from one or other of the following sources—sensual gratification, secular wealth, or popular fame—each very expensive. They cost what is infinitely more precious than gold—time, energy, moral peace, mental independency, and frequently health.

2. The false is not sustaining: it is not “bread.” Were it obtained, it would not strengthen. It does not give mental strength: sensuality enervates the intellect. The love of gain makes man a tactician, not a thinker. The breath of mammon is poison to a free intellect, and the love of fame fills the mind with the unhealthy sentiment of vanity; nor does it give spiritual strength—strength to resist temptation—to bear trials—to help

humanity—to serve God—to face death. It destroys this.

3. The false is not satisfactory: “satisfieth not.” All elements or pursuits, in order to satisfy, should possess the three following properties: (1.) They must be congenial; the provision must suit the appetite—bread for hunger—water for thirst, etc. (2.) They must coincide with conscience. (3.) They must promise permanence. The idea of losing a pleasure will take away its enjoyment. The sources of false pleasure have neither of these conditions. They are not suited to spiritual appetites—not congruous with consciences—not lasting.

II. TRUE PLEASURE.

1. That true pleasure consists in spiritual communications from God; “Hearken diligently unto me,” etc. Three things implied in this language: (1.) That God has made spiritual communications to man. This is a fact. They are the substance of the Bible. (2.) That man has a capacity to appreciate these communications. A wonderful argument this for the native dignity of the soul. (3.) That to appreciate these communications requires the most diligent study. The Bible a difficult book, challenging the concentration of intellectual power.

2. That the pleasure thus derived is of the highest conceivable description; essentially excellent—“good,” abundantly sufficient—“delights itself in fatness;” spiritually quickening—“your soul shall live.”

3. That the continuation of this, the highest pleasure, is guaranteed by the solemn assurance of God. “And I will make an everlasting covenant with you.” Here is a pledge of its perpetuity. If a promise is not fulfilled, it must be for one of three reasons: either that the author was insincere when it was made, or that he subsequently changed his mind, or lacked the necessary power to redeem the pledge. Neither of these suppositions are admissible; therefore, this true pleasure is everlasting.

A word of application to the reader. Where are you seeking pleasure? Beware of the false. Memory will one day turn its streams into “wormwood and gall,” and conscience kindle its elements into flame. Seek the true. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God—the river of holy thoughts and sympathies, flowing from the Infinite through Jesus Christ. In this great and holy stream, my brother, slake thy thirsty spirit and live forever.

HUMILITY BEFORE HONOR.—“Before honor is humility.” Prov. xv, 33.

Humility is a characteristic of the truly great and wise. Having ascended the mountain of Truth so far

that they can catch a glimpse of what lies beyond them, their own attainments appear incomparably small, and they are humbled.

Sir Isaac Newton, speaking of his many and great discoveries in science, said that it all seemed like children gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, and that it had been occasionally his privilege to pick up one smoother and prettier than the others. In passing by the fields before harvest, if we see one where the ears of wheat stand up straight and wave proudly in the air, we know that fine as it may look there is but little grain there; but when they bend low with their own weight we feel sure that there will be an abundant harvest. So when we see a Christian, active but humble, we know there must be grace in the heart.

M. K.

CHRIST HUMBLING HIMSELF TO OUR LOW ESTATE.—*"And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."* Luke ii, 16.

How could we ever go to Christ in our sorrow and sin had he not descended to our low estate? Sometimes we rebel at the thought, that Christ should ever have humbled himself as he did when he took upon him our humanity. We would have clothed him, in his mediatorial office, with all the honors that earth could give, forgetful that if he had thus come he would never have suffered death as a malefactor, and, therefore, could never have atoned for us, for "without blood is no remission of sins."

Who that had realized aught of the holiness and majesty of Christ and felt the weight and burden of sin, could have dared to hope that Christ would come and dwell in the manger of his heart, even with the blessed promises which he has given us, had he not in assuming our flesh been born in a manger, and all his life been one of toil and pain?

M. K.

EVERY CHRISTIAN HIS OWN PRIEST.—*"And hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father."* Rev. i, 6.

This language was addressed to all believers in Christ. Every soul that is admitted into the family of Christ must be his own priest, to present his own prayers and sacrifice before God, and his own king, to decide whether he will be the Lord's or not. It is no matter how humble he may be, or how abject a slave in other matters, when he comes to decide the momentous question of life he is his own king. No one can reign over him; neither can any created being atone for him. He must be his own priest, to present his own heart, humble, contrite, and believing, or he may not be accepted of the great High-Priest.

In this sense it is clearly apparent that no Gospel minister should ever be called a priest—none but a layman should be so called. Every man is his own priest, and only his own.

M. K.

WHAT DOEST THOU HERE, ELIJAH?—*"What doest thou here, Elijah?"* 1 Kings xix, 9.

A handbill, with the title, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" came into the hands of a German reformed clergyman in Maryland, who was so much pleased with it, that he determined to translate it into German for the benefit of a part of his congregation. He had only commenced translating it when he was called out; and Mr. Elijah—coming in during his absence, was so

much struck with the title that he took it up and carried it away with him. The clergyman came in, and learning from his wife that he had taken it, went in pursuit of him, being desirous to finish the translation. As he passed a certain house he saw him, through an open window, engaged with some ungodly associates in a game of chance. The clergyman, thrusting his hand into the window, struck Elijah gently on the shoulder, saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" It proved a word in season, and was the means of calling him from the devious paths of sin and folly into the narrow way that leads to life.

UP, GET YOU OUT OF THIS PLACE.—*"Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city. But Lot seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law."* Gen. xix, 14.

Some of the unconverted inhabitants of Greenland had heard that the world would be destroyed, and as in that case they would have no where to go to, they expressed a desire to be converted, that they might go with the believers. "But," added they, with that carelessness and procrastination so natural to man, in the things that belong to eternity, "as the destruction will not happen this year, we will come in next season."

UNEQUALLY YOKED WITH UNBELIEVERS.—*"Be not ye unequally yoked with unbelievers."* 2 Cor. vi, 14.

Eliza Embert, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, "That a man of the world could not be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion." Eliza started!—but on recovering herself said, "From this moment, sir, when I discover that you do not regard religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honor God can never love his wife constantly and sincerely."

A PRECISE GOD.—*"Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"* 2 Peter iii, 11.

Mr. Rogers, a Puritan divine, was styled the Enoch of his day. Bishop Kennet said of him, that England hardly ever brought forth a man who walked more closely with God. He was always remarkable for gravity and seriousness in company. Being once addressed by a gentleman of rank, "Mr. Rogers, I like you and your company well enough, but you are too precise!" "O, sir," replied Mr. R., "I serve a precise God!"

REDEEMING THE TIME.—*"Redeeming the time."* Colossians iv, 5.

Mr. Joseph Alleine, when in health, rose constantly at or before four o'clock, and on Sabbath sooner, if he awoke. He was much troubled if he heard any smiths, or shoemakers, or other tradesmen at work, before he was in his duties with God, often saying to his wife, "O how this noise shames me! Does not my Master deserve more than theirs?" He used often to say "Give me a Christian that counts his time more precious than gold."

NATURAL GOODNESS.—Virtues in unregenerate men are nothing but whitewashed sins. The best performance of an unchanged character is worthless in God's sight. It wants the stamp of grace on it; and that which has not the stamp of grace is false coin.

Hicks and Curries.

SEDAN.—A sedan is a covered chair, carried on poles by two men. These chairs were much in use in the seventeenth century among ladies and persons of fashion in the large cities. Webster derives the word from the Latin *sedeo*, to sit; though it is hard to see how he could account for the form of the word, or trace any connection between the sense of the word and its assumed primitive. The fact is that the sedan-chair was so called from the town of Sedan, on the Meuse, in France, where they were originally fabricated. They soon became common in Paris, whence the Duke of Buckingham imported the first to England in the reign of James I. His appearance in it in the streets of London created great indignation among the lower classes, who exclaimed that he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the service of beasts of burden.

ORIGIN OF A COMMON SAYING.—Lord Clarendon, in an estimate of the character of the Duke of Buckingham, Prime Minister of James I and Charles I, of England, observes, after praising the Duke's extreme affability and gentleness to all men: "He had, besides, such a tenderness and compassion in his nature, that such as think the laws dead if they are not severely executed, censured him for being too merciful; but his character was grounded upon a wiser maxim of state: Non minus turpe principi multa supplicia, quam medico multa funera. [That many punishments are not less disgraceful to a prince than many funerals to a physician.] He believed, doubtless, that *hanging was the worst use a man could be put to.*"

RICHARD PORSON.—Whether the relaxation of a mighty mind, or the playful mental contest of the mightiest Grecian of modern times in his attempt at practical frivolity, can be deemed sufficient to make the following anecdote palatable, must rest with others to decide. After Porson had arrived at the summit of his literary fame, he was visited by his first instructor, Mr. Summers, who was accompanied by his earliest patron, the Rev. George Hewett. On their being conducted into his room he took no notice beyond an indifferent glance; but Mr. Hewett, addressing him, said, "As we were in town we determined to come and see you;" this drew no observation from Porson, but rising he rang the bell, and then desired the servant to bring candles. The man, familiar with such eccentricities, instantly obeyed, and placed them on the table. "There," exclaimed Porson, "now you see me better."

BIVOUC.—This word is commonly, but incorrectly, regarded as of French origin. Its form is French, but it comes from the German *beuachen*, to watch, or be on guard. The true meaning of it is also often lost sight of, for whereas it correctly applies only to those who pass the night under arms, or in an attitude of defense, it is frequently used of any encamping and passing the night in the open air. I have just read a volume in which the word is thus misemployed continually, and I send a note of it.

B. H. C.

THE VIKINGS.—What is the derivation and meaning of the word *Vikings*, the name of the famous searovers of Norway?

S. K. P.

The following note, from Laing's Introduction to his translation of *The Heimskringla*, or Chronicle of the Sea Kings of Norway, will furnish a satisfactory reply to our correspondent:

"Viking and Sea King are not synonymous, although, from the common termination in *king*, the words are used, even by our historians, indiscriminately. The Sea King was a man connected with a royal race, either of the small kings of the country, or of the *Haarfager* family, and who by right received the title of king as soon as he took the command of men, although only of a single ship's crew, and without having any land or kingdom. The *Viking* is a word not connected with the word *kongr* or *king*. *Vikings* were merely pirates, alternately peasants and pirates, deriving the name of *viking* from the *vika*, *vicks*, or inlets on the coast in which they harbored with their long ships or rowing galleys. Every Sea King was a Viking, but every Viking was not a Sea King."—Laing i, p. 45, note.

GRUB-STREET.—When did Grub-street first acquire its literary notoriety? I find it alluded to in 1672.

B. H. C.

The earlier denizens of this renowned literary locality appear to have been more usefully employed than some of their degenerate successors. Here, before the discovery of printing, lived those ingenious persons called text-writers, who wrote all sorts of books then in use; namely, A. B. C. with the *Paternoster*, Ave, Crede, Grace, etc., and retailed by stationers at the corners of streets. It was in Grub-street that John Foxe the martyrologist wrote his *Acts and Monuments*. Here too resided honest John Speed, tailor and historian, the father of twelve sons and six daughters; and here too lived that bibliographical worthy Master Richard Smith, whose amusing *Obituary* was edited by Sir Henry Ellis for the Camden Society—"a person," says Antony Wood, "infinitely curious in, and inquisitive after books." From this renowned and philosophic spot, celebrated as the Lyceum or the Academic Grove, issued many of the earliest of our English lyrics, and most of our miniature histories, the tendency of which was to elevate and surprise the people. This favored avenue gave birth to those flying-sheets and volatile pages dispersed by such characters as Shakespeare's Autolycus, who does not more truly represent an individual, than a species common in ancient times. Of course we of the present day complacently congratulate ourselves on the march of intellect; but let us not, at the same time, despise those early Grubean sages, who first published for the edification of their brethren those ingenious and youth-inspiring works, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, *Reynard the Fox*, *The Wise Men of Gotham*, *Tom Hicathrift*, and a hundred others. It is true that Swift, in later times, favored us with some homely "Advice to the Grub-Street Verse Writers;" but it has been significantly hinted that the witty Dean is under more obligation to these renowned worthies than the world is probably aware of; for had it not been for the Giant-Killer and Tom Thumb, it is believed we should never have heard either of the Brobdignagians or Lilliputians.

During the Commonwealth era a larger number than usual of seditious and libelous pamphlets and papers, tending to exasperate the people, and increase the confusion in which the nation was involved, were surreptitiously printed. The authors of them were, for the most part, men whose indigent circumstances compelled them to live in the most obscure parts of the town. Grub-street, then abounding with mean and old houses let out in lodgings, afforded a fitting retreat

for persons of this description. In ridicule of the host of bad writers which subsequently infested this republic of letters, the term was first used by Andrew Marvell in his witty and sarcastic work, *The Rehearsal Transposed*, 1673:

"He, honest man, was deep gone in Grub-street and polemical divinity."

"O, these are your Nonconformist tricks; O, you have learnt this of the Puritans in Grub-street."

Swift, as is well known, was delighted with this local appellation, e. g., "I have this morning sent out another pure *Grub*." "*Grub-street* has but ten days to run, then an act of Parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every sheet a half-penny." "Do you know that *Grub-street* is dead and gone, last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money." *Journal*, to Stella, July 9, 1712, *et passim*.

About 1830, the name of Grub-street was changed into that of Milton-street, not after the great poet—says Elmes—as some have asserted, but from a respectable builder so called, who purchased the whole street on a repairing lease.—*Eng. Notes and Queries*.

ROMAN MILITARY OATH.—What was the Roman military oath from about A. D. 1 to the reign of Constantine? How often was it renewed? And particularly whether the oaths imposed upon the centurions and common soldiers of the legions in Palestine and the provinces required adherence to the idolatrous religion of the State? R. M. O.

Of all Roman oaths the military—*sacramentum*—was the most sacred. It was taken upon the ensigns—*signa militaria*. Livy says—xxii, 38—till the year 216 B. C. the military oath was only *sacramentum*; that is, the soldiers took it voluntarily, and promised—with imprecations—that they would not desert from the army, and not leave the ranks unless to fight against the enemy or to save a Roman citizen. But in the year 216 B. C. the soldiers were compelled by the tribunes to take the oath, which the tribunes put to them, that they would meet at the command of the consuls, and not leave the standards without their orders, so that in this case the military oath became a *jusjurandum*. But Livy here forgets that long before that time he has represented—iii, 20—the soldiers taking the same *jusjurandum*. In the time of the empire—according to Dionysius, xi, 43—a clause was added to the military oath, in which the soldiers declared that they would consider the safety of the emperor more important than any thing else, and that they loved neither themselves nor their children more than their sovereign. The oath was renewed each time that the soldier enlisted for a campaign.—*English Notes and Queries*.

SHAKESPEARE, DERIVATION OF.—The name, Shakespeare, no doubt originated in the Norman or French edition of the double beloved-disciple name—Jaques-pierre, James-peter, Jakespear—of which it is composed; the initial *J* being pronounced *sh*, as in many other instances, namely, in

Shenkins for Jenkins.

Sherard " Gerard.

Shiles " Giles.

Sherry " Jerry.

Sheridan " Jeridan—old Jerry.

Shenstone" Johnstone—Johnson.

She " Je, in Switzerland and elsewhere, where the French language is provincialized, etc.

With such a self-evident derivation before us, we may therefore dispense with the unlikely reference to the shaking of a spear, which most probably had nothing to do with the origin of the name, when first invented; being only a suggestion from its accidental English form; though the idea once started, the name may with some have seemed to be recommended by it.

Those who consider that Shakespeare originated in

spear-breaking rely on "Breakspear," "Winspear," etc., as analogous, these names having a like termination in, and apparent reference to, action with a spear; but this illustration is of the kind "ignotum per ignotius." We do not know enough of Brakespeare, etc., to justify us in saying that their origin was connected with spears; nor applying any inferences from them to other names. Probably Breakspear—a priest—was in part named after St. Peter, the chief of the apostles, and not after spears. Winspear almost looks like "Owen"—or John?—"Peter."—*Eng. Notes and Queries*.

KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.—This kingdom, now annexed by popular vote to the Sardinian monarchy, obtained its name as follows: In 1720 the Austrians added Sicily to the kingdom of Naples. But the war of 1734, waged by France and Spain against Austria, transferred the crown of Naples, with this appendage, to a scion of the royal house of Spain—the infant Don Carlos—the new monarch assuming the title of "King of the Two Sicilies." The application of the term "Sicily" to the kingdom of Naples as well as to Sicily the island is due to the historical fact or tradition that a people called "Siculi" inhabited for a while the south of Italy, passed over into Sicily, and there settled.

"BEGONE, DULL CARE."—It appears to me that the following verse, which I have frequently heard sung by a lady, who learned it in childhood from the singing of others in her neighborhood, is a powerful addition to the well-known song, "Begone, dull Care." In any company in which I have heard it sung it produced a great effect. Is it known as originally forming the concluding part of the lyric? I should say it has seldom been surpassed in that class of composition:

"This world, they say, was made of naught,
And all that is therein—
And at the end of time it will
To naught return again.
Since this world at best
Then is but a jest,
And life will soon decay;
Then while we're here,
My friends most dear,
Let's drive dull Care away.

Begone, dull Care," etc. D.

PAN-LIKE.—The origin of this word is the same as that of *panic*. The Greeks explained panic-fears to be sudden consternations that seized upon men without any visible cause, and were therefore imputed to the operation of demons, especially Pan, upon men's fancies. Also, all unusual noises in the air or reverberations among the hills were attributed to Pan; hence "pan-like music" is such as thunder, the rambling of an earthquake, or all loud and un wonted sounds. The word should be printed with a capital initial. S.

KEROSENE.—The word signifies coal oil or petroleum. If derived from the Greek, may it not come from *κερας*, "a pile or ledge of rocks," and *γεννησις*, "to be produced?" The full form of the word would in that case be *cherasene*, and contracting it, as *camphene* from *camphogene*, we get *cherasene*. Use the smooth mute *k* for the aspirate *ch*, we have kerasene, or kerosene—"rock-produced." C.

GLASS-SPINNING.—When was the art of spinning and weaving glass threads discovered? S.

Boys and Girls' Department.

THE BOY THAT WOULD NOT PLAY TRUANT NOR TELL A LIE.—Charles Murray left home, with his books and his sachel, for school. Before starting he kissed his little sister and patted Juno on the head; as he went singing away he felt as happy as any little boy could wish to feel. Charles was a good-tempered lad, but he had the fault common to a great many boys, that of being tempted and enticed by others to do things which he knew to be contrary to the wish of his parents. Such acts never made him feel any happier, for the fear that his disobedience would be found out, added to a consciousness of having done wrong, were far from being pleasant companions.

On the present occasion as he walked briskly in the direction of the school, he repeated over his lessons in his mind, and was intent upon having them so perfect as to be able to repeat every word. He had gone nearly half the distance, and was still thinking over his lesson, when he stopped suddenly as a voice cried out, "Hallo, Charley!"

Turning in the direction from which the voice came, he saw Archy Benton with his school-basket in his hand; he was going home, instead of in the direction of the school.

"Where are you going, Archy?" asked Charles, calling to him.

"Into the woods for chestnuts."

"An't you going to school to-day?"

"No, indeed! There was a sharp frost last night, and uncle John says the wind will rattle down the chestnuts like hail."

"Did your father say you might go?"

"No, indeed! I asked him, but he said I could n't go till Saturday. But the hogs are in the woods and will eat the chestnuts all up before Saturday, so I am going to-day. Come go along, won't you? It is such a fine day, and the ground will be covered with chestnuts. We can get home at the usual time, and no one will suspect that we were not at school."

"I should like to go very well," said Charley, "but I know father will be greatly displeased if he finds it out, and I am afraid he will get to know it in some way."

"How could he get to know it? Is n't he at his store all the time?"

"But he might think to ask me if I was at school, and I never tell a lie."

"You could say yes, and not tell a lie either," returned Archy. "You were at school yesterday."

"No I could n't. A lie, father says, is in the intent to deceive. He would, of course, mean to ask whether I was at school to-day, and if I said yes, I would tell a lie."

"It is n't so clear to me that you would. At any rate I do n't see much harm in a little fib. It does n't hurt any body."

"Father says a falsehood hurts a boy a great deal more than he thinks for. And one day he showed me in the Bible where liars were classed with murderers and other wicked spirits in hell. I can't tell a lie, Archy."

"There won't be any need of your doing so," urged Archy; "for I am sure he never would think to ask you about it. Why should he?"

"I do n't know; but whenever I have been doing any thing wrong, he is sure to begin to question me, and lead me on till I betray the secret of my fault."

"Never mind. Come and go with me. It is such a fine day. We sha'n't have another like it. If will rain on Saturday, I'll bet any thing; so come along now, let us have a day in the woods while we can."

Charles was very strongly tempted. When he thought of the confinement of school, and then of the freedom of a day in the woods, he felt much inclined to go with Archy.

"Come along," said Archy, as Charles stood balancing the matter in his mind. And he took hold of his arm and drew him in the direction opposite from the school. "Come, you

are just the boy I want. I was thinking about you the moment before I saw you."

The temptation of Charley was very strong. "I do n't believe I will be found out," he said to himself. "And it is such a pleasant day to go into the woods."

Still he held back and thought of his father's displeasure if he should discover that he had played the truant. The word "truant" that he repeated mentally, decided the matter in his mind, and he exclaimed in a loud and decided voice, as he dragged away from the hand of Archy, that had still retained its hold on his arm, "I've never played truant yet, and I do n't think I ever will. Father says he never played truant when he was a boy, and I'd like to say the same thing when I get to be a man."

"Nonsense, Charley! come go with me," urged Archy.

But Charles Murray's mind was made up not to play the truant. So he started off for school, saying as he did so, "No, I can't go, Archy; and if I were you, I would wait till Saturday. You will enjoy it so much better when you have your father's consent. It always takes away more than one-half the pleasure of any enjoyment to think that it is obtained at the cost of disobedience. Come, go to school with me now, and I will go into the woods with you on Saturday."

"No, I can't wait till Saturday. I am sure it will rain by that time; and if it do n't the hogs will eat up every nut that has fallen before that time."

"There'll be plenty left on the trees if they do. It's as fine sport to knock them down as to pick them up."

But Archy's purpose was settled, and nothing that Charles Murray could say had any influence with him. So the boys parted, the one for his school, and the other for a stolen holiday in the woods.

The moment Charles was alone again he felt no longer a desire to go with Archy. He had successfully resisted the temptation and the allurements was gone. But even for listening to temptation he had some small punishment, for he was late to school by nearly ten minutes, and had not his lessons as perfect as usual, for which the teacher felt called upon to reprimand him. But this was soon forgotten; and he was so good a boy through the whole day, and studied all his lessons so diligently, that when evening came the teacher, who had not forgotten the reprimand, said to him, "You have been the best boy in the school to-day, Charles. To-morrow morning try and come in time, and be sure that your lessons are well committed to memory."

Charles felt very light and cheerful as he went running, skipping, and singing homeward. His day had been well spent, and happiness was his reward. When he came in sight of home there was no dread of meeting his father and mother, such as he would have felt if he had played the truant. Every thing looked bright and pleasant, and when Juno came bounding out to meet him, he could not help hugging the favorite in the joy he felt at seeing her.

When Charles met his mother she looked at him with more earnest and affectionate gaze than usual. And then the boy noticed that her countenance became serious.

"An't you well, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, my dear, I am very well," she replied. "But I saw something an hour ago that has made me feel bad. Archy Benton was brought home from the woods this afternoon, where he had gone for chestnuts, instead of going to school, as he should have done, dreadfully hurt. He had fallen from a tree. Both his arms are broken, and the doctor fears that he has received some inward injury that may cause his death."

Charles turned pale when his mother said this.

"He tried to persuade me to go with him," said Charles; "and I was strongly tempted to do so, but I resisted the temptation and have felt glad about it ever since."

Mrs. Murray took her son's hand, and pressing it hard, said with much feeling, "How rejoiced I am that you were able to resist his persuasions to do wrong! Even if you had not been hurt yourself, the injury received by Archy would have discovered to us that you were with him, and then how unhappy your father and I would have been I can not tell. And you would have been unhappy, too. Ah, my son, there is only one true course for all of us, and that is to do right. Every deviation from this path brings trouble. An act of a moment may make us wretched for weeks, months, or perhaps years. It will be a long, long time, before Archy is free from pain of body or mind—it may be that he may never recover. Think how miserable his parents may feel; and all because of this single act of disobedience."

We can not say how often Charley said to himself that evening and the next day, when he thought of Archy, "O how glad I am that I did not go with him!"

When Saturday came the father and mother of Charles Murray gave him permission to go into the woods for chest-nuts. Two or three other boys, who were his school companions, likewise received liberty to go, and altogether made a pleasant party. It did not rain, nor had the hogs eaten up all the nuts, for the lads found plenty under the tall old trees, and in a few hours filled their bags and baskets.

Charles said, when he came home, that he had never enjoyed himself better, and was so glad that he had not been induced to go with Archy Benton.

It was a lesson he never afterward forgot. If he was tempted to do what he knew was wrong, he thought of Archy's day in the woods, and the tempter instantly left him. The boy who had been so badly hurt did not die, as the doctor feared, but suffered great pain, and was ill for a long time.

T. S. A.

THE PATTTER OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.

No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair;
No pearly sea-shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing"—
I can not envy his lot.
He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in roses,
Birds from beyond the seas;
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet,
His stately halls ne'er echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
Our other one now has wings—
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin-born little girl.

And I asked to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
And that I may be counted worthy
To walk in sandals of light,
And hear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven
The patter of little feet.

Mystic Spellings.

SACRAMENTAL REGENERATION.—The following instructive illustration of the bearing of this soul-deströying dogma is taken from the columns of the Lutheran Observer:

The attempt to substitute baptism, confirmation, and the Lord's supper, for the work of the Holy Spirit in the regeneration of the soul, is so palpably absurd, as well as blasphemous, that it is difficult to conceive how a sane man would dare to preach such nonsense. And yet it is a lamentable fact that even in our Church men invest the sacraments with such efficacy in their preaching, that simple-minded hearers are led to believe that baptism, confirmation, and the Lord's supper will infallibly fit them for heaven, whatever the state of their hearts may be.

A few years ago a minister in a sister denomination preached a series of sermons on the design and efficacy of baptism, and though he may not have designed it, he was understood by some of his hearers to teach baptismal regeneration. Shortly after the delivery of these sermons, he was sent for to see a sick man. He obeyed the summons, and when he ar-

rived at the house of the afflicted man, he found him one of the common and most debased drunkards in the village. Somewhat surprised that an individual of such habits should desire a pastoral visit, he asked him why he had sent for him. The man replied:

"I am very ill; I am afraid I will die, and I want you to baptize me that I may be prepared for heaven."

"But," said the minister, "you know the Savior says, 'Ye must be born again;' and repentance must precede and accompany new birth, and after you have exercised faith in Christ, then only are you a fit subject for baptism."

The drunkard looked up with amazement and asked:

"Did you not say that baptism was the laver of regeneration—the washing away of our sins—and that baptism confers the grace of penitence, and causes the forgiveness of sin, and seals us as heirs of heaven?"

"Yes," said the pastor, "but I did not mean to say that baptism could do such things for such as you," etc.

In this case we have a practical and legitimate application of this kind of preaching, which exalts the sacraments into sources and procurers of grace; and the minister, it is to be

hoped, went away from the bed of that dying man a wiser preacher. We know the minister, and can vouch for the truth of this statement."

THE LOTOS.—The classic legend of the lethean, contentment-bringing, ambition-soothing potency of the lotos fruit, has been revived to us in the melodious poem of Tennyson. In China, this fruit, it seems, actually "blooms by every flowery peak." The correspondent of the London Times says:

A favorite fruit of the Chinaman is the classic lotos, in shape like a small melon; it is full of stoneless kernels, sweet and pleasant to the palate. Often and often have I eaten them, without experiencing the dreamy sensations they are said to produce, and most certainly no man in this expedition has exclaimed:

"We will return no more; our island home
Is far beyond the waves; we will no longer roam."

It is too bad thus to dissipate the charmed mist of our most delicious and cardinal beliefs. Alas! that the golden apples of the Hesperides should ultimate in Bermudian oranges; that the lotos should have lost the power which made repose fall gentler on the fagged Ulyssean voyagers, than "tired eyelids upon tired eyes!" The world is all discovered, and growing old.

THREE POETS GETTING OFF A HORSE COLLAR.—Cottle, in his Life of Coleridge, tells the following amusing story of an attempt of three poets to unharness a horse:

I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessor; for after he twisted the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown—gout or dropsy—since the collar was put on, for he said it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar. Just at this time a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you do n't go about the work in the right way. You should do this," when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.

NATURE WORSHIP.—On the folly of substituting nature for nature's God, a correspondent of The World thus sensibly discourses, after citing the well-known passage in Edwards's Life, which tells how he was melted to tenderness and sympathy by a simple white flower:

He is not half a man who is not thus in harmony with nature. But a sad, bitter thing it is, yet none the less true, that this very loveliness of nature too often, instead of revealing God, but obscures him—instead of directing the currents of our natures to deeper and spiritual faith, shuts them into earthly courses. In all the wide range of biography there has been no one who received from God emotions and sentiments tuned in more perfect unison with nature than Burns. The simplest and sweetest things which the stars look down upon, fairly swayed this peasant man, and before their presence every avenue to his soul was thrown wide open. Insentient things became humanized, and in voices inaudible to all else, they told their sufferings or spoke their sense of beauty in such language as chained his sympathy or adoration. But Nature, with all her gentle voices, never kept her child from sins most revolting; nay, more, this very suscepti-

bility in his nature made him the more easy victim to those very sins which his own conscience condemned, and which his prayers tried hard to expiate. These reveries of beauty are sweet, but too often, like opium dreams, they lull us into a dangerous tranquillity. "Complaining brooks" and placid lakes can not wash out the stains of sin. The grand old mountains and fearful gorges can not bring true humility. Brave resolves and purposes aroused by nature, will always fail most miserably in the stern conflict with sin, unless vitalized by the influence of the supernatural. Let a man have this, and earth has no charm nor beauty which can harm him. They will be but ministering spirits to sweeten his affections, establish his faith, and stir to deeper depths his gratitude toward Him who made all things, both good and fair.

GOD'S WORK AND MAN'S WORK.—Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the designing Mind of the universe than the correspondencies in nature. The establishment of these correspondencies is the work of the Creator; the use of them the work of the creature:

God puts the oak in the forest, and the pine on its sand and rock, and says to men, "There are your houses: go hew, saw, frame, build, make." God builds the trees; men must build the house. God supplies the timber; men must construct the ship. God buries iron in the heart of the earth; men must dig it, and smelt it, and fashion it. What is useful for the body, and still more, what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will work men more than iron is wrought, that will shape men more than timber is shaped. Clay and rock are given us, not brick and square stones. God gives no clothes; he gives us flax, and cotton, and sheep. If we would have coats on our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them, and weave them. If we would have any thing good or useful, we must earn it.

IF WE KNEW.—Our unkindliness of feeling toward others would be greatly modified if we knew all. So, also, where we lack sympathy, we should have it did we know all. This thought is well put in these stanzas:

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on his heart a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 't is only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the hearts of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest—
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow-men.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

EXPLORATIONS IN SOUTHERN PERU.—An examination of the Peruvian coast leads geographers to the conclusion, that it has undergone no elevation since the Spanish Conquest, although along the neighboring coast of Chili a remarkable upheaval has taken place. The saline formations extend over five hundred and fifty miles of the rainless region, and contain prodigious quantities of nitrate of soda—a valuable article in commerce, besides considerable deposits of borate of lime.

A NEW SILK-WORM.—Attempts have been made to introduce new species of silk-worms into Europe, among which the most successful is the *Bombyx arrindia*, the silk-worm which feeds on the *Palma Christi*, or castor-oil plant. It was brought first from China about four years ago; was reared and propagated at Turin; has been found to thrive in Algeria, and to survive the Winter of the south of France; and is, besides, remarkably productive, for it yields six or seven broods within a year. It is of the silk of this worm that India handkerchiefs are made.

ARTIFICIAL PLUMBAGO.—An interesting discovery in chemical science has recently been made, by which cast-iron is convertible into plumbago. Small cubes of cast iron are soaked in weak acid—vinegar being the most suitable—till the iron is dissolved out, and the carbon remains. By this process the cubes lose in weight, but not in dimensions, and retain their form unaltered; but the quality is changed, and it is as easy to draw lines with one of them as with a lump of plumbago. Artists and others who have been uneasy as to failure in the supply of lead for pencils, may now dismiss their apprehensions, for while cast-iron is to be had, the desired material will be available. Strictly speaking, it is not carbon, but a cyanide of carbon which remains after dissolution of the iron.

STATISTICS OF ROME.—Official documents just published at Rome, supply the following statistics respecting that city for the year 1860: The number of parish churches is stated to be 54; families, 37,708; bishops, 34; priests, 1,417; monks and friars, 2,390; nuns, 2,031; students in ecclesiastical seminaries and colleges, 886; residents in the apostolic palaces, 884. The total number of inhabitants in 1860 was 184,049, of whom 96,293 were males, and 87,756 females, showing an increase of 1,464 on the preceding year. The ratio of births to the whole population was 1 to 28; of deaths, 1 to 29; of marriages, 1 to 129. The Jewish population, which is not included in the above, numbers 4,468 persons, of whom 2,248 are males, and 2,220 are females.

REVOLUTIONARY MANUSCRIPTS.—The Mercantile Library Association of New York city, has recently acquired a valuable collection of about 3,000 manuscripts, chiefly relating to the American Revolution, which have been gathered from different parts of the State within the last four years. The cost to the Association is \$2,500; but as a comparatively small part of these manuscripts have ever been published, and must hereafter be refer-

red to as original authority in relation to many important events connected with the American Revolution, the cost is no criterion of their value.

BRITISH NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—There are now published in the United Kingdom 1,102 newspapers, distributed as follows: England, 791; Wales, 28; Scotland, 138; Ireland, 132; British Isles, 13. Of these, there are 30 daily papers published in England, 8 in Scotland, 12 in Ireland, and 2 in the British Isles. In 1821 there were published in the United Kingdom 267 journals; in 1831, 295; in 1841, 472; in 1851, 563; but in 1861 there are now established and circulated 1,102 papers, showing that an extraordinary impetus has been given to every description of newspaper enterprise. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 481, of which no less than 207 are of a decidedly-religious character.

JAPANESE AGRICULTURE.—An intelligent American traveler thus writes concerning Japan: Of the tea and silk culture we see nothing on the seaboard. But the rice-fields, the wheat-fields, and the fields of the rape-seed are every-where before the eyes. Of the birds, I can only say that they are numerous and noisy, and that the Japanese pheasant is the most exquisite thing I ever set eyes upon. Japan is the most fruitful of evergreens of any land I have ever seen or heard of. At Nagasaki and Kanagawa, and in short distances from them, I found, in abundance, the white pine, the pitch pine, the ground pine, a delicate creeping pine, cedars of various kinds, a tree resembling the hemlock, the arbor vitae, species of fir and spruce, the juniper, the savin, the yew-tree, the holly and the cryptomeria, japonica and the box-trees. The oak and the laurel are common. Hedges are made of the box and the civit. Camellias of every size and hue abound, and the double flowering cherry and peach. The English ivy and the climbing box grow every-where; and the dense foliage, the creeping plants, and the hedges give a delightful air to the scenery, more home-like and reposeful than the richest luxuriance of the tropics.

ZINC.—The total consumption of zinc is computed at 67,000,000 tons annually; of which quantity 44,000 tons are employed in the form of laminated sheets. Fifteen years ago scarcely 5,000 tons of zinc were used by builders, and its use was nearly null in ship building. Its employment in the stamped ornaments so common now on the exterior of houses, dates only from 1852. The zinc used for roofing and in ship-building must be of the utmost purity; the presence of iron or lead, in ever so small a quantity, creates, when acted on by humidity, a galvanic action which destroys the metal. The use of iron nails is especially to be avoided whenever zinc is employed, and zinc nails used to secure any object made of zinc, or if these are considered too costly, nails of galvanized iron. As the lime contained in some waters so corrodes this substance, it is advisable, in lining a reservoir therewith, to separate the metal from the brick-work by a layer of sand or earth

WHO FIRST WORKED PLATINUM.—The French savans, who make it a point to claim for their country the honor of all scientific discoveries, are just putting forward a new candidate for the discovery of malleable platinum, which they declare is not due to Proust, Wollaston, Fourcroy, Breant, or Janet, but to a Frenchman named Chabaneau. In the eighteenth century South America sent to Spain, not merely gold and silver, but another metal, in the form of small granulated particles, white, hard, brittle, and nonfusible, which had received the name of *platina*—or silicium—from *plata*—silver. In 1780 Chabaneau, who was living in Madrid, directed his attention to the conversion of these grains into bars, and with entire success. The king, Charles III, proud of a discovery made in his capital, caused a medal of platina to be struck in its honor, and granted Chabaneau a pension. It is said that the royal patent conferring this pension bears the date of 1783.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE TRUFFLE.—It is said that the truffle is disappearing. This singular natural production, which the ancients counted among the minerals, and of whose real nature and law of growth we know as little as they, though we now call it a fungus, seems to grow spontaneously among the roots of certain oaks, its existence being detected by the grubbing of the pigs that run wild in the French woods, and that have the gift of perceiving the existence of the truffle at the depth of many feet below the surface of the earth. If a truffle oak dies, or is cut down, the truffles disappear. If a peasant, eager to find the precious condiment, digs under the roots of the tree about which it grows, he ruins the "truffle-ground." This curious production has neither stem, fiber, nor root; and no researches have succeeded in discovering the germs from which they are developed. The truffle will not grow in land that has been manured; it loves a wild, uncultivated soil, enriched only with the rotting leaves of the forest, and demands both moisture and sun for its development. The truffle can only be cultivated indirectly, by planting groves of the peculiar species of oak among whose roots it is found.

CENSUS ITEMS.—It would require a population of about 368,000,000 in the present States and Territories, to settle them in a density equal to that of Massachusetts. Michigan shows a population of 750,000. This is a gain upon 1850 of over 350,000, and upon 1854 of 250,000. The population of California, it is estimated, will not exceed 400,000. In eighteen cities and towns in Connecticut, the population shows a gain of 27,000. Iowa reports a population of about 600,000, a gain of over 46,000 since last year. The population of Indiana is 1,347,000. Ten years ago it was 990,258. Vermont, according to the census returns, has receded 5,000 in population. The census returns of Washington Territory show 9,000 inhabitants. The population in New Orleans, by the late census, is stated at 170,766. The population of Nashville, Tennessee, is 23,713. In 1850 it was 11,518.

A PARALLEL.—Antwerp had 200,000 inhabitants, and was the most commercial and prosperous city in the world—2,500 merchant vessels arriving there in a year, bringing merchandise of the value of \$133,000,000. When the northern provinces revolted, they took possession of the mouth of the Scheldt, built forts on the

sides, and sunk obstructions in the channel, to prevent free navigation, in consequence of which Antwerp was ruined, and grass grew before the warehouses of those who had been the greatest merchants in the world, and her population was reduced to 60,000. The obstructions were removed, and, after centuries, her commerce began to revive. Napoleon spent fifty millions of francs in improving her harbor, and she has now, perhaps, ninety thousand people.

Charleston has revolted, and with sunken vessels has obstructed her channel. When the sifting sands of the delta shall have covered those sunken vessels, and she shall have lost two-thirds of her population and all her commerce, who will provide the millions necessary to restore her trade? Will she be able to raise it by selling her stolen forts and arsenal to the Southern Confederacy, subject to her accessory right to steal them again?

COST OF SLAVE TERRITORY.—The following table shows how much money has really been paid by the United States Government to extend the area of slave territory.

Louisiana, purchased of France.....	\$15,000,000
Interest paid.....	8,385,353
Florida, purchased of Spain.....	5,000,000
Interest paid.....	1,430,000
Texas, for boundary.....	10,000,000
Texas, for indemnity.....	10,000,000
Texas, for creditors, last Congress.....	7,750,000
Indian expenses of all kinds.....	5,000,000
To purchase navy, pay troops.....	5,000,000
All other expenditures.....	3,000,000
Mexican War.....	217,175,575
Soldiers' pensions and bounty lands.....	15,000,000
Florida War.....	100,000,000
To remove Indians.....	7,000,000
Paid by treaty for New Mexico.....	15,000,000
Paid to extinguish Indian title.....	100,000,000
Paid to Georgia.....	3,082,000

\$832,764,938

This is certainly a nice little sum to pay for the increase of slavery. Three-fourths of the entire amount has been paid by the free States; and yet slavery pretends not to have had its rights in the Union, and is going out to get its rights somewhere else.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.—A practical chemist of Brussels is said to have recently discovered a process of producing liquid statuary marble, which can be molded on the plaster figure—thus taking a perfect picture of the cast at once, saving nearly all the labor of the artist, and producing a figure as purely white, hard, and polished, as the genuine rock itself; in fact, possessing every quality of the genuine statuary marble. Having been tested by many of the most eminent chemists, the result is thought to justify the belief that the article may be made to supersede quarry marble, and thus save a great deal of labor in the sculptor's art.

LAST YEAR'S WHEAT CROP.—The 1860 wheat crop of Europe is estimated as follows: France, 191,422,248 bushels; Great Britain, 145,800,000 bushels; Two Sicilies, 64,000,000 bushels; Spain, 46,914,800 bushels; Austria, 27,735,568 bushels; Sardinia, 19,975,000 bushels. The crop in the United States will not much exceed 180,000,000 bushels.

SILK IMPORTS.—It is stated on reliable authority that America annually imports nearly forty millions of dollars' worth of silk from Europe.

Library Notices.

(1.) **OUR EXCELLENT WOMEN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.** *New York: J. C. Buttre.*—This is one of the most beautiful gift-books we have ever seen. The copy before us is bound in Turkey morocco, red, embossed in a most elegant manner, gilt edge. On opening the book we find the interior a perfect counterpart of the exterior—exquisite in neatness and beauty. The portraits are executed in Mr. Buttre's best style; and our readers know of how much he is capable in that line. They are eleven in number; namely, Susannah Wesley, Catherine Garrettson, Mary Fletcher, Elizabeth B. Early, Hester Ann Rogers, Anne Disosway, Lady Huntingdon, Catherine Suckley, Mary Tatham, Jane Trimble, Eliza Garrett, Sarah Mead, Ann Wilkins, and Sarah Norton. We have found it not an easy task to pass from the mechanical execution to the literary contents of the book. Yet these are not a whit behind, in purity of style, elegance of diction, and richness of matter. They comprise thirty-six sketches, from the pens of our best writers. Among the contributors we observe the names of Drs. Stevens, J. T. Peck, McClintock, Durbin, Trimble, Wheldon, Strickland, etc. It makes a large octavo of about 300 pages, and is sold for \$5. It may be ordered through the Book Concern of any of the depositories.

(2.) **HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort. With a full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada.** *By John Lothrop Motley, LL. D., D. C. L. Vols. I and II. New York: Harpers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.*—Macaulay and Prescott have borne testimony to the important part enacted by the Republic of Holland in the great drama of events which rendered the sixteenth century memorable. They, however, only give intimations of the rich treasures here stored away—neglected and almost forgotten. Mr. Motley has done for Dutch history more than Macaulay achieved for English—by as much as the former was more neglected than the latter. But it is not a little strange that by far the best history of the Dutch Confederation and the noblest vindication of the Dutch people and character, should be written by a descendant of the Puritans and a son of New England. The scene opens with the assassination of "William the Silent," Prince of Orange, July 10, 1584, and thenceforth we have a bird's-eye view of the course of events through the eighty years' war for civil and religious liberty. On the one side were arrayed all the tremendous forces of one of the greatest empires which the world has ever seen. These forces were swayed by an emperor whose nod made all Europe tremble. On the other side there was a little group of cities, containing about one and a half million of souls, governed by merchants and artisans, and intensely fired with the love of liberty. In Mr. Motley's history the scenes of that great conflict, and the great characters that figured in it, are made to pass in panoramic view before the reader.

With a cotemporary we confess to not a little embar-

assment in the selection of terms by which to mark our appreciation of Mr. Motley's merits as a historian, without unwittingly degenerating into what might appear to be fulsome eulogy. His style is so clear and vigorous, his narrative so animated and dramatic, his immense industry and diligent research are so apparent on every page, that mere general terms of commendation would be most ridiculously inappropriate as applied to him. His volumes are the matured fruit of years of careful thought and laborious study, and he has nobly vindicated his claim to, perhaps, the foremost place in the ranks of living historians. Macaulay, Irving, and Prescott are no more. Thiers, Carlyle, Bancroft, and one or two others still living have brilliantly illustrated certain remarkable epochs, but not one of them has surpassed Motley in any characteristics of a great historian. His history is as interesting as a romance, and as reliable as a proposition of Euclid. Clío never had a more faithful disciple.

We congratulate the publishers upon the immense success which has attended the publication of these volumes at a period of great stagnation in the book-trade, and we look forward with pleasure to the time when a further installment of this great work shall unfold to us the history of the palmy days of the Dutch Republic. Meantime we advise every reader whose means will permit, to become the owner of these fascinating volumes, assuring him that he will never regret the investment; and with this recommendation we take our leave reluctantly, but temporarily only, we trust, of an author who is doing so much for the elucidation of a domain of history but little understood, and who, in the accomplishment of his task, has shed so much luster on American letters.

(3.) **THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE PICTURE-BOOK.** 15mo, square. 321 pp. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.*—Commencing with Adam and Eve in Paradise, we have an outline of some of the most striking scenes in the Bible, down to Paul at Melita. The work is printed on beautiful tinted paper, bound in attractive style, and illustrated with eighty engravings.

(4.) **THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF QUADRUPEDS,** is a companion of the above. A charming book for boys and girls.

(5.) **PIGMAH VIEWS OF THE PROMISED INHERITANCE.** *A series of Dissertations on the Unaccomplished Prophecies.* *By Rev. Joseph Cross, D. D.* 12mo. 293 pp.—The range of this work may be gathered from the following outline of topics: Preparatives of Interpretation; The New Dispensation; The Glorious Parousia; The First Resurrection; The Millennial Kingdom; The Day of Judgment; Current Omens; Popular Objections; Practical Applications. Dr. Cross is a premillennial adventist, but in this gives no countenance to the destructive elements of the Millerite doctrines. His style is chaste and elevated, and his reasonings are happily

expressed. Both as a writer and pulpit orator Mr. Cross occupies a distinguished place in the Southern Methodist Church. He wields a prolific as well as elegant pen, and the public will expect yet more from him.

(6.) **FLOWERS OF HOPE AND MEMORY: a Collection of Poems.** By Mrs. Cornelia J. M. Jordan. Richmond, Va.: A. Morris. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The typography, paper, and binding of this volume are worthy of all praise; and the book itself will doubtless be an acceptable souvenir to the writer's personal friends, to several of whom a number of the poems are addressed. As a fair specimen of the author's poetical ability we copy the following lines from the close of a poem on a young girl who perished in a burning house:

"O it was better thus
To enter heaven through a gate of fire
With soul untainted, and with childhood's dew
Yet resting on the heart, than live to see

Thine innocence depart with length of years.
Beloved child, thy fate to us seems dark,
And fond lips breathe thy name 'mid gushing tears;
Yet there will come a time, God's purposes
Revealed, when we will say of thee, 'T is well,'
And angels shall respond, 'Yea, it is well.'"

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.—Our space will only allow us to name the following periodicals and pamphlets which have been laid upon our table: The Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine, from G. N. Lewis, 28 West Sixth-street, Cincinnati; Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Minutes of the Wisconsin Conference, from Rev. S. W. Ford, Secretary; Dr. Thornwell's "Hear the South;" Annual Report of Common Schools of Ohio, from A. Smyth, Commissioner; also, sundry Reports of the Benevolent Institutions of Indiana and Ohio; Annual Report of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati.

New York Library Correspondence.

A Writer of Miscellanies—Recent Inquiries in Theology—Covert Skepticism—Mauliness of the American Publishers—its Editorial Anspices—Late Aspects of Unitarianism—Disguises—The "Note to the Reader"—The "Broad Church"—The Seven Essays Separately Reviewed.

A WRITER of miscellanies is often in danger of writing miscellaneously—of sometimes wanting a theme, but more frequently—and which is much more perplexing—of having too great a variety of subjects pressing upon his attention. So I have found it in making up my correspondence for this month; for just when I was about to put my thoughts in shape for the use of your readers, I looked into one of the books that is now making some noise in the world, and have read on, and on, till not only has my time been occupied, but my thoughts have been carried out into another range. I am thus compelled to make the best of my case, by writing of the volume that so beguiled me.

I had noticed, in the foreign Reviews and other literary notices, some account of a volume of "Reviews and Essays" published in England, and written by a number of rather distinguished persons attached to the Established Church, but of such a character and bearing as to commend them to the favor of the Westminster Review, and of the Unitarian Magazine at Boston. I was also aware that the book has been reprinted in this country, but with another title, probably *ad captandum*—"Recent Inquiries in Theology." Since its republication, it has, of course, attracted to itself still more attention, and frequent references to it are found in the various periodicals. I supposed—correctly—that this was one of the ever-recurring series with which learned skepticism is assailing Christianity, and so I concluded to look into it.

I must confess, however, that I took up the book with divided prepossessions. Of course you will understand that I am sound in the faith, and quite unmoved by the vain pretensions of opposers, whether learned or unlearned. Yet I confess to a not very exalted opinion of a great deal that is said and written apologetically, evidentially, and exegetically, concerning, and designed to be in favor of Christianity. I could have looked on quite complacently, and seen these essayists and reviewers deal heavy blows against certain forms of evidences which betray, rather than defend their cause, and modes of interpretation, which, by attempting what is untenable, endanger the truth itself. So far, then, my prepossessions were on the side of the book. But I also knew that under the Christian name, in these last days, the very worst forms of negative infidelity are promulgated; and that a certain class of writers, making large pretensions to both science

and culture, are much more remarkable as religious doubters than as either philosophers or theologians—and I suspected that these writers might be of that class.

I had also noticed that the fact that the writers of these papers are officially connected with the national Church of England was used, on the one hand, to give influence to their essays, and on the other, to disparage their personal honesty in what they had done. Of the former of these I fail to see the pertinency, for certainly the truth is not more true, nor is logic more logical, because of the positions of those who utter them. It is quite evident, therefore, that something not declared is intended by this persistent exhibition of the ecclesiastical relations of these writers; nor is it hard to divine what that something may be. As to the objection urged against the moral honesty of these "eminent Churchmen," that I should think depended entirely upon the nature and extent of the eccentricity of their opinions. A liberal—not licentious—construction of forms and symbols of faith, is not less a matter of justice than of charity; it is requisite alike for the peace of the Church and for the free and healthful action of its interior life. But the danger is, that while claiming to use their liberty, men shall abuse it into license. The proper meaning of almost any statement of doctrines, of ordinary fullness, is easily gathered without any peculiar mental acumen, and such evident meaning will be accepted by every honest man. If, then, these essays contain any thing repugnant to the authorized standards of the Church of England, though we may commend the frankness and boldness of the writers in refusing to be bound by those standards against their own convictions, we must, with equal emphasis, reprehend their duplicity in attempting by finesse to reconcile their views with the standards of their Church. I am afraid that there is quite too much of that kind of mental equivocation and moral untruthfulness among "Churchmen" of other communions also; but I would not, therefore, recommend the abandonment of all doctrinal standards, but rather exhort all to deal justly with themselves and with their Church relations in these things.

In this state of mind, which I flatter myself is peculiarly adapted for fair and honest examination, I opened the book at the title-page, and read. Book titles sometimes mean something, and at other times it would be difficult to say what they do mean, and sometimes they suggest a good deal more than they say. "Recent Inquiries in Theology" is not an ostentatious title, but it is here especially suggestive. The American sponsors of this book do not propose to teach nor to

asseverate, but only to inquire. This seems modest, but it may be bold. It is easy to ask questions, and only a little learning is requisite in order to suggest difficulties with which the ablest minds may be embarrassed. But the manliness of that method of proceeding is more questionable. An honest inquirer is always worthy of a respectful notice; but there are but too many professed inquirers, who ask not for information, but for debate, and with whom the semblance of modesty is but the cloak of a pernicious egotism. Then these good godfathers tell the readers of the book that these "inquiries" are by "eminent English Churchmen." As to their eminence there need be not much said, as the question is one of degree rather than of kind. The writers are all respectable, and few of them can pretend to any thing higher; but great words are in fashion, and probably a good many mistakes as broad as this have been made in applying high-sounding epithets of praise. But why are they styled Churchmen? The term is somewhat equivocal, for while in its broadest sense it includes every British subject who is not a dissenter, in its most exact signification—"one who ministers in sacred things"—it will not apply to most of them. The reason, however, is sufficiently potent, and not the most creditable. Holding a kind of relation to the old time-honored and highly-orthodox Church of England, it is expected that these writers will command for their doubtful utterances a degree of attention, and, perhaps, win assent, where a German rationalist or a Bostonian transcendentalist would not be heard. It is an old game, and one that has often succeeded, this stealing "the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in." One of these writers—Mr. Pattison—shows that the deistical writers of the last century nearly all seemed to confess the truth of Christianity, while they were laboring for its overthrow.

The original title, as given in the English edition, and inserted as a secondary one in the American copy, is simply historical and descriptive as to the form in which the matter was written and is presented. The title is modest, nor can I wholly agree with the American editor when he pronounces it insignificant. The title-page further informs us that this edition is "edited, with an Introduction," by Rev. T. H. Hedge, D. D., and published by Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, Unitarian publishers. These things taken together are certainly significant, presenting unquestionably a clear case of elective affinity, and fairly warning American readers of the presumed theological status of these "eminent" but *inquiring* "Churchmen," and of the probable character of the so-called "inquiries."

Boston Unitarianism has changed its front within the past few years. At first apologetic and defensive, it at length subsided into a quiet religious cosmopolitanism, the catholicity of indifference, but recently it has become aggressive and belligerent. Whether there was found to be danger of its dying out for lack of persecution, or that its natural cold-bloodedness might bring on inanition unless roused to action, or whether the defection of some of its "bright particular stars" to orthodoxy caused alarm, it is certain that quite recently the pacific Church of *Saint Humanity* has become the Church militant. There is a kind of vague opinion in the world, that the emergency always finds the man adapted to its demands, and this case affords an example rather than an exception to that law. Not in Parker, nor Emerson, nor Freeman, nor Mrs. Child, but in no other than the redoubtable little Doctor, O. W. Holmes, "autocrat" and "professor," has the new crusade found its Godfrey, and the Atlantic Monthly is made the vehicle of the new evangel. To all which we make no objection, only it would seem a little more honorable, not to say honest, if such craft would sail under their own colors, and not smuggle their wares under false manifests. The appropriation of these "Essays and Reviews," still labeling them as the productions of "eminent English Churchmen," and setting them forth as characteristic utterances of that Church at the present time, and especially prophetic of its future, is quite in keeping with Theodore Parker availing himself of the popular lecture to propagate his heartless negativism; and Dr. Holmes writing stories for the Atlantic, by which to insinuate his philosophical skepticism; or

the authors of these pieces themselves prostituting the positions to which they have been called as teachers and defenders of the faith as defined by the Church whose honors they are proud to wear, and whose bread they eat, and using them as batteries from which to war against the things they have sworn to defend. There have been cases when men have found themselves compelled to renounce the creed to which they had before subscribed, and to give up the emoluments of place because of their new conviction; and while in such cases we mourn over their defection from what we cherish as the truth, we still applaud their self-denying honesty. Here, however, there seems as little to applaud in the last, as to approve in the first.

Having sufficiently considered the title-page, I turn a single leaf, and there find a "note to the reader," which of course I read. The purport of this note is "that the authors of the ensuing essays are responsible for their respective articles only." Now, all this sounds rather strangely. And why was it thought necessary to apprise the reader of that fact, since, if such were not the case, the reader would know it, and also the cause of the joint responsibility? And if he still knows there is just ground for holding each writer in some sense responsible for whatever is found in the book, then the editor's disclaimer can not absolve them. If, indeed, as is stated, the several pieces "were written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison," then, originally, there was no joint responsibility; and if their compilation into a single volume was wholly unauthorized by the writers, then their individual responsibility is preserved. Such, however, there is cause to believe, is not the case; but rather these several writers have agreed to appear together before the public, each performing a part in a common act, and so mutually complimenting and indorsing each other. And as in all such cases, the most prominent and outspoken statements become the distinctive ones, by these must the more moderate and less clearly-developed ones be interpreted. This disclaimer, therefore, it seems to me, can not be admitted, but the public has a right to hold each essayist to a general responsibility for whatever is found in a book of which he, knowing of what it was to be composed, consented to be a joint author. But why this disclaimer in advance? Why this washing the hands, if there were a consciousness of some great wrong, of the responsibility for which some one would clear himself?

The "Introduction" seems to be designed to properly "place" the book in the editor's own school of theology, by tracing the history of the theology of the English Church to the present time, and showing its ups and downs, till now a good time is coming by the aid of such writers as he rejoices thus to introduce to the American public. The whole production illustrates how very happily an ingenious person can make out his own case, no matter how well or ill sustained by facts and arguments, if only he is left alone in his work. Only let the lions be the sculptors, and statues will show us how lions will dominate over men. It is a very easy matter so to tell a story that while all its details are true, as a whole it is altogether untruthful and misleading. This is eminently the case with this production, at least as to its conclusions. So we think most persons will be ready to believe, when they find the conclusion complacently written out, that "the life of Anglican theology is now represented by such men as Powell, and Williams, and Maurice, and Jowett, and Stanley;" and that "its strain and promises are apparent in these essays." All this reminds one of Voltaire's boast respecting the decay and speedy extinction of Christianity under his heavy blows; respecting which, Summerfield beautifully remarked that "he mistook the dawn for the twilight." We, however, quite agree with this writer as to the fitness of the popular term by which this phase of religious thought is designated—*Broad Church*—for certainly it is not unlike a certain way so described in Scripture; nor is it unlike the great world out of which the Church is called, and of which it is not. With Dr. Hedge's theological and ecclesiastical position, all this is consistent, for he has not signed the Thirty-Nine Articles, nor promised to teach all that is found in the Book of Common Prayer.

Having delayed so long at the threshold, it may be well to hasten forward, and give some account of the contents of the

book itself. These consist of seven essays by as many different hands, and relating to distinct but kindred subjects, each at least affording opportunity for a display of the writer's method of considering matters of theological opinion. The first is by the Rev. Dr. Temple, the head master of the Rugby School, and, of course, successor to Dr. Arnold, on "The Education of the World." Taken alone this would seem to be a very harmless production of no extraordinary ability, and not chargeable with any heresy, though some of the remarks are unguarded, and from their association with the other portions of the book they may be thought to be a little more than suspicious. The allegorical character of the piece, in which the education of the race is presented under the image of the mental growth of an individual, naturally leads to overdrawing of analysis and not the most guarded statements of processes. It is rather strange how such a piece got into such company; but doubtless the compilers had a reason for what they did.

Next comes an appreciative review of "Bunsen's Biblical Researches," by Rev. Rowland Williams, D. D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew, St. David's College—in Wales. This reverend expositor of the Bible and instructor of young men for the ministry completely outdoes the German rationalists in their own speciality. His form of writing—the review—is convenient when one wishes to say and not say a thing at the same time; for the author or his work may be made a kind of stalking-horse, from behind which the writer may throw his darts with impunity. He does not, however, leave the reader in any doubt as to his own opinions. He is positive and intolerant in his manner, coolly assuming his own positions as though they were incontrovertible, and referring to opposing notions only to sneer at them as contemptibly weak, or despicably selfish. How one holding such opinions can, without loss of all self-respect, remain a member of the Church of England, and hold so responsible a place in it, is indeed passing strange.

Mr. Baden Powell—recently deceased—Savilian Professor of Geometry, at Oxford, contributes an article on the "Study of the Evidences of Christianity." It is chiefly a reproduction, amplified and elaborated, of Hume's famous essay. It, however, contains a good deal of truth, and sweeps away a vast amount of unsound argumentation, which has been produced with good purposes, but to no good purpose, and styled Evidences of Christianity. It also suggests a great deal of untruth, especially in his representations, both direct and indirect, of the form of the argument in favor of the Gospel as a revelation from heaven. Its prevailing *animus* is antagonistic to revealed religion. It suggests difficulties where they would not be seen, and magnifies objections that would not otherwise be appreciated. The tendency of the whole piece must be, to a mind not thoroughly posted, to induce dark and painful misgivings as to all religious truth. A more thoroughly-infidel production, without the name and form, I have not seen.

The fourth paper is on "The National Church," written by Rev. H. B. Wilson, Vicar of Great Staughton—a benefited clergyman, but formerly an Oxford tutor, and somewhat celebrated for his opposition to Dr. Pusey and his associates. But Mr. Wilson is ill at ease in his position. He does not believe the doctrines of his Church as set forth in her formularies, though he has publicly and most solemnly declared that he did so, and under most sacred conditions has bound himself faithfully to teach the same. His efforts to explain away the undoubted meaning of plain and well-chosen language would be amusing were it not so lamentable a display of heartless chicanery. *Jesuitism* is too feeble a term by which to characterize his desperate efforts to make the good old Saxon belie its authors, or to describe the lack of straightforward truthfulness in his method of dealing with his own mind and with his readers. The doctrinal errors of his articles, though gross and fundamental, are inconsiderable, when compared with the moral dishonesty that pervades every part of it.

Mr. C. W. Goodwin, A. M., discusses the "Mosaic Cosmogony," reproducing the oft-repeated geological aspects of the case in opposition to Buckland and Hugh Miller, and every body else who thinks that "Genesis and geology" can be rec-

onciled. With a large share of the positive dogmatism which distinguishes so many scientific men, often rendering the intercourse of *aarans* little better than public brawls, Mr. Goodwin assumes that the first chapter of Genesis can not possibly mean any thing else than that our world was made in six successive days of twenty-four hours each, and that to that account geology gives a direct and fully-corroborated contradiction. Therefore, he concludes without a doubt, the Biblical account is not true. I always walk carefully when passing among these geological questions, as I find they are capable of infinite variations and adaptations, and usually the conclusions of last year are in "transition" this year, and by next year they will probably become "drift." That an expert in the science could handle this writer's arguments without difficulty I have no doubt, for even my unpracticed eye detected many a "fault" as I hastily passed over the subject. If, as he insists respecting the first of Genesis, every expression must be understood strictly literally, then nobody speaks the truth who talks of the rising of the sun, or the "right ascension" of a planet, or the changes of the moon; for all these things are only apparent, not real. And yet such is the absurd nonsense thrust out with all gravity in opposition to the truths of religion. The old metaphor of the poison of the arrow compensating for the lack of strength in the bow, applies very pertinently to this case.

My course through the book next brought me to the sixth essay, "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750. By Mark Pattison, B. D." The subject was inviting, but the unsatisfactory character of most of its predecessors forbade my entertaining much hope respecting it. But I read it, and when through I asked myself why such a paper was put up in the same volume with the others as a part of a common whole? As a literary disquisition it is decidedly able, both as to the extent of learning brought into requisition and the method of using it. Though a free-thinker, in the best sense of that much-abused term, the writer shows no tendency to the caviling skepticism which is often mis-called by that name. For aught that appears in the article he may or may not be sound in the orthodox faith—for it is not a confession—but however that may be he treats his subject fairly, calmly, and ably; arguing without arrogance, and avoiding the special pleadings by which some of his associates have at once weakened their positions and offended their non-partisan readers. From some few of this writer's positions I at once dissent—others I wish to re-examine; but most of them I heartily approve. Even his final conclusion, that *reason* must be the final arbiter in all matters of religion, if I comprehend the meaning of his words, I do not object to, since to believe against reason is absurd.

Last of all of these "seven stars" comes a long and elaborate essay "On the Interpretation of Scripture, by Benjamin Jowett, M. A., Regius Professor of Greek, Oxford." To this article I turned first of all when I began to read the book, attracted by the subject and the reputation of the writer. I read it through carefully, and found it not so bad as I had apprehended—not that it does not contain very much that is objectionable—for it does—but that many of the author's adverse criticisms are just and valuable, and unlike those of some others of these writers, his strictures are not uniformly directed against the faith of Christendom. You will understand that I have myself come to believe that a large share of the Biblical criticism and interpretation found in the old English commentaries is not wholly out of the reach of criticism as to its method and results; and that the theory of inspiration, sometimes termed *plenary*, and sometimes *mechanical*, is not altogether defensible. So I was the better prepared to hear him patiently and to judge of his positions without prejudice. Setting out with his bold assumption—which I allow—that the Bible must be interpreted "like any other book," he seems to forget that in the interpretation of "any other book" its own history can not be left out of the account, and certainly it is not too much to claim that the history of the Bible in its operations upon the world has done something toward fixing its interpretation. Like most other scholars this writer is quite too positive in assuming the infallibility of scientific conclusions, and, therefore, too ready to demand

that Biblical interpretations shall conform to them. It will be soon enough to abandon the traditional as well as grammatical meaning of Scripture for that demanded by modern science, when the professors of the sciences shall agree as to character and extent of those demands; and probably this reasonable requirement will serve during the present age. To make a case against the received interpretations, unfair caricatures of them are presented, and the most indefensible and only partially-entertained opinions are set forth as not only the usual ones, but, worse still, as the legitimate ones, according to the received methods of exposition. This is highly objectionable, and may be excused only by supposing the writer is unaware of the state of the facts which he so palpably misrepresents. On the other hand, the essay contains a good deal of truly-valuable matter, setting in a very clear light some of the peculiar excellences of the Holy Scriptures, and their special adaptation to the religious wants of the common people. I think the reading of that essay will, on the whole, do good directly, while it may also provoke a more intelligent use of the Word of God.

Respecting the literary character of these papers I should think they have been by some rather unjustly depreciated; but the diminution on this side is trifling in comparison with the over-praising on the other. Of the first five articles no one rises above a respectable mediocrity; and simply as literary productions they possess no special claims to reproduction and notoriety. The paper of Mr. Pattison is a first-rate review article, comparing favorably with the best of its class, as found in the British reviews, and evincing for its author both scholarship and facility in composition, and an admirable method and temper for discussion. Mr. Jowett's article is confessedly able, and ought to be read carefully and dispassionately. Its subject is of the highest interest to the whole human race, and it is one that will not be let alone; and at the same time the prevailing notion respecting it requires a thorough reëxamination and readjustment—and when this shall be done, not only will Christianity remain unshaken, but its outward form will be very little modified. . . . *Hic scribendi finis.*

Editor's Table.

THE LAY DELEGATION QUESTION.—We notice that this question is being more or less discussed in our papers. It is admitted on the part of all reasonable men, that the action of the late General Conference was, in the main, eminently wise and proper. It referred the matter to the people; and that they might act with entire freedom, the General Conference, beforehand, indorsed the principle, or at least gave assurance of its approval whenever it sufficiently appeared that the people desired this feature ingrafted upon our economy. Another object was gained, if not contemplated, in this arrangement. It secured time to devise some plan adapted to our economy, and also free from the objections incident to every plan heretofore proposed. Nothing can be more certain than that the introduction of this feature without first securing these two things—namely, the hearty concurrence of the people, and, secondly, the development of a plan in harmony with our economy—would, to say the least of it, be abortive of any good.

It is not our purpose now to enter upon the subject, but simply to suggest the spirit and principles upon which the discussion should be conducted.

1. It is not a question that ought to occasion excitement, or awaken party spirit, or engender personal animosities in any society. Let our brethren look into the matter, study its bearings, and then, when the time comes, vote according to their individual judgment.

2. Let the special and avowed friends of the measure be careful to press it in a right spirit. It will never do to arraign your ministers as ecclesiastical usurpers, as lovers of power, and withholders of the rights of the people. The facts will not bear you out in any such assertions. Moreover, they will prejudice both you and the cause with the people.

3. Let no individual, or class of individuals, assume to speak for the "laity" of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The laity will speak for itself, and its voice will be heard with all honor and respect. These thrusts about oppression, and this outcry about lack of respect for the laity, when simply individual notions are crossed, are not only absurd, but positively mischievous. They

make a man appear testy and little; they weaken his power; and, in fact, as he looks back after the excitement of the moment has died away, they make him feel that he has been guilty of a small act. Keep all such matters out of the discussion of this great question.

4. Put the question upon the right ground—utility to the Church. Make it appear that the efficiency of the Church, that the great work of saving souls and building up the kingdom of Christ will be promoted, and then you have made out a case.

But if, on the other hand, you say, "It is my right;" "I demand my right;" the people will look into the great bill of rights with us as a Church—the Discipline—and they will say, "We do n't find it there."

If, again, you say, "I give my money to the Church," the people will respond, "Perhaps you owe all your worldly prosperity to the Church; besides that, after all, much as you give, the ministers directly or indirectly give more, and always have done so."

Again we say, put the question on the right ground—make out a case—and action in the right direction will soon follow.

5. Devise a plan. This has been the stumbling-block from first to last. Not a single plan has been proposed that has not been riddled in every part with objections. It is of first importance that a plan should be brought forth, feasible in all its applications, harmonizing with our economy, and imperiling none of its essential principles or provisions.

6. We think we only express the general feeling of our ministry when we say, that we doubt whether any Church in the land is blessed with a laity of nobler talent or truer devotion. Their presence would give dignity to the councils of the Church. Our Conferences will bear comparison, in point of decorum and manly bearing, with any other ecclesiastical bodies. But still the presence of noble, high-minded laymen would not be without its influence upon the general demeanor of the body. Besides that, in our great monetary and educational interests—every year growing greater—their practical wisdom would be of great account.

Nine-tenths of our preachers would welcome such brethren, and feel themselves honored by their presence and strengthened by their wisdom. On this question, the ministry—perhaps rather from feelings of delicacy than from rational conviction—is in advance of the laity of the Church.

THE WESTERN BOOK CONCERN.—The annual meeting of the Western Book Committee was held on the 19th and 20th of February, 1861. There were present of the Committee, Joseph M. Trimble, Chairman, Ohio Conference; John T. Mitchell, Secretary, Cincinnati Conference; Elnathan C. Gavitt, Central Ohio and North Ohio Conferences; John Kiger, Indiana and South-Eastern Indiana Conferences; O. V. Lemon, North Indiana and North-Western Indiana Conferences; W. E. Bigelow, Detroit and Michigan Conferences; Richard Haney, Rock River and Central Illinois Conferences; Thomas E. Corkhill, Iowa and Upper Iowa Conferences; Benjamin F. Crary, Wisconsin, West Wisconsin, and Minnesota Conferences; and Samuel Huffman, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska Conferences.

The sessions were conducted with great harmony, and demonstrated that the Western Book Concern has a *working* Committee. Dr. Elliott, of the Central, was present, encouraged by the present hopeful condition of his paper. We believe there was but one feeling in the Board with regard to the Central, and that was, that it *must* and *shall* live. If the patronizing Conferences shall respond in the spirit that inspired the Committee, and that they will we have no doubt, the question of discontinuance will never be again mooted. Dr. Eddy, of the North-Western, flushed with the large success of his paper, was also on the ground.

The report of the Agents showed the past year to have been one of increased prosperity. The following items will indicate the condition and progress of the Concern:

Net Capital, Nov. 30, 1860.....	\$238,597 58
Entire Book business.....	\$133,482 34
Entire Periodical business.....	195,297 47
Total amount of business.....	\$328,779 81
Increase of business over preceding year.....	49,409 99
Profits for the year.....	25,274 47

The Committee also report the following as the increase in the subscriptions to the several periodicals over last year:

The Western Christian Advocate.....	4,416
The Ladies' Repository.....	6,374
The North-Western Christian Advocate.....	7,147
The Christian Apologist.....	1,940
The Central Christian Advocate.....	5,147
The Sunday School Advocate.....	4,028

Total increase over last year.....28,746

It is sufficient to add, that the Western Book Concern never entered upon a year more promisingly than the present. With efficient and active Agents, curtailing expenses at every practicable point, and increasing its facilities for the speedy and successful publication of both books and periodicals, there must be a grand future before this arm of power to the Church.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We can hardly use the following: Influence; Midnight; She Has Gone; Written Thoughts; The Widow's Son; The Dream of Galilee; Palestine; After All; The Pilgrim Fathers; Little Mary's Death; Faith; The False and the True; Beauty's Mission; The Beautiful; To My Land; The Ice Harvest; The Silent Room; No God; Thoughts at Sunset; Moments; and Spring.

EVENING ON THE CONNECTICUT.—This exquisite engraving, from Mr. Wellstood, is to be followed by others of the same character. The original painting by A. D. Shattuck is one of rare beauty and finish. Though yet young Mr. Shattuck has already taken his place among the first artists of our country. Should any of our art-loving friends visit the city of New York they will not only receive gentlemanly treatment in his studio, but find there some rich and rare paintings. There is no better way to learn the difference between *dubs* and *real paintings* than, now and then, to spend an hour in such a studio.

BALTIMORE METHODISM.—We have no recollection of the origin of the table referred to by our excellent friend, Dr. Roberts; but we supposed it correct at the time. We cheerfully append the Doctor's note:

In the February Number, page 119, of your excellent periodical, which has just been received, there is an account of the number of "*Churches in Baltimore*" connected with the different denominations of Christians. In it, the number set down to the "*Methodist Episcopal*" Church is twenty, and "*African Methodist Episcopal*," five. This statement is calculated to make a very erroneous impression in reference to Methodism in Baltimore. The number of churches on our city plan altogether amounts to forty-six, including the large and small chapels, connected with the twenty-six stations into which the city is divided—more than double what is set down to any other sect. In this number is not included several other congregations which are regularly supplied by Methodist ministers. In the city and suburbs of Baltimore there are preached in our churches, every Sabbath, at least one hundred sermons by Methodist preachers, besides those which are delivered in other places in our city. It would be interesting to your readers, I have no doubt, to learn more of our denominational influence in Baltimore. I have written thus much hoping that it may elicit, from some one, an article on the subject for the Repository.

N. B. Dr. Roberts is the very "one" from whom our readers would be glad to see such an article.

PORTRAIT OF WESLEY.—Messrs. Middleton, Strobbridge & Co., engravers and lithographers, have presented to us a new portrait of Wesley, just issued by them. As a specimen of lithographing in colors, it can hardly be surpassed. It would require the closest examination to distinguish it from a superb oil painting. The lithograph is from an original painting in the possession of John W. Hitt, Esq., of Brookville, Ia., and is said to have been executed a short time before the death of its subject. The proceeds of the sale go to the endowment of the Brookville College—a most worthy object.

DR. WENTWORTH.—A note from our old college friend, dated at Fuh Chau, China, has awakened pleasing reminiscences of former days, when we were all younger than we are now. Though time has dealt gently with us, yet our brother is not "getting gray and bald" alone. He says:

How I should like to see you, and Curry, and Banister, and Seager, and other old collegians, whom I have never seen since the day we left college!

Our college days are far behind. They will return no more. But the recollection of them, and of those who contributed alike to their profit and their joy, will never die. In his far-off missionary field, our brother is not forgotten by his old friends, nor by the Church of God whose servant he is.

OUR COUNTRY.—On the fourth of March Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated the sixteenth President of these United States. The old Administration has "gone out;" the new one has "come in." The transition has been made in strict accordance with the Constitution and laws of the land.

With the Inaugural Address of President Lincoln there are three classes of men who are dissatisfied—the secessionists of the South, the extremists of the North, and another almost indescribable class in the North whose sympathies are with the secessionists, and who have not a word of condemnation for their rank treason and foul robberies, but who hypocritically whine over the broken Union, and at the same time are fierce in their denunciation of any step, however mild, toward checking the men who, in violation of their honor and their oaths as citizens, would tear down the sacred fabric of our liberties. As a literary production, the excellence of the Inaugural consists not in the beauty of its rhetoric, but in the clearness of its statements and the force of its reasoning. As a *State paper*, its excellence consists not in the skillful use of diplomatic phrases, but in its plain, direct, and unmistakable language; its broad views; its lofty, dispassionate tone, and its direct application to the exigencies of the country. We speak not as a politician, but as a citizen of this Republic. The following are the main points of this admirable *State paper*:

1. He says that the apprehension which seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that their peace, their property, and their personal security will be endangered by his Administration, is without foundation. He will regard and protect the rights of the whole country, and of each separate State in the country.

2. He disclaims any inclination, or purpose, or right, on his own part or on the part of those who elected him, to interfere, directly or indirectly, with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists.

3. He acknowledges his obligation to enforce the Fugitive-Slave Law, as all other laws; but inquires whether such a law should not embody all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence, so that a freeman may not in any case be surrendered as a slave. In this connection he also suggests whether it might not be well, at the same time, to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.

4. He shows that there is no such thing as the right of secession; and, consequently, notwithstanding resolves and ordinances of States that have nominally withdrawn, the Union remains unbroken, in a legal sense. He says that "the central idea of secession is anarchy." Even if the Government is nothing more than a compact, though one of the parties may *break* it, it requires the consent of all the parties lawfully to rescind it.

5. He expresses profound respect for the decisions of the Supreme Court, and declares that such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit. But at the same time he warns against the danger of turning those decisions to political purposes.

6. On the subject of enforcing the laws, he takes the

only view that an honest and capable man can take. It is not for him as President to make or unmake the laws, but to enforce them. To this he is bound by the sanctity of his oath and the Constitution of his country.

7. The theory of *peaceable* secession is most effectually disposed of. If our national bond is broken, still we shall be together, be compelled to look each other in the face, and to transact business. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separating than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends? Can they make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends?

8. As to *Constitutional changes*, while not objecting to that proposed by Congress, he prefers the convention mode of originating such changes, inasmuch as it allows the amendment to originate with the people themselves.

9. He counsels his countrymen to *take time* to think calmly and well upon the whole subject. Addressing especially those who are dissatisfied, he says: "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it, while the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties. In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it."

The closing paragraph is one of surpassing beauty—one that must thrill the heart of the American patriot: "The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every loving heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The positions taken by Mr. Lincoln are just what the Constitution and laws require of him. He could have taken no other without perjury to himself and ruin to the country. And fortunately upon such a platform the "Border States," nay, all the States can stand—securing alike their interests and their honor.

The destiny of these United States is not yet fulfilled. God has purposes higher than have as yet been realized in the founding of this glorious Republic. The striking down of this great nation would not only thwart those purposes, but it would cripple the energies of the North and open scenes of anarchy in the Cotton States of the South like those which have desolated our unhappy neighbor-land of Mexico. And worse than all, it would blast the hope of humanity forever. It must not be! And let all the people say, *Amen*.



“QUET LAKE.”

QUET LAKE.



ANNE BARNARD